

JUN 14 1911

THE MONTH

A CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



NO. 564 (NEW SERIES 174) JUNE, 1911

JUN 14 1911

CONTENTS

THE NEW ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA ON THE JESUITS.	
	<i>By the Rev. J. H. Pollen</i> 561
FAIRY-TALES OF NATURAL HISTORY.....	<i>By the Editor</i> 575
"THE AMAZING EMPEROR".....	<i>By W. Blake Jennings</i> 580
FRA LIPPO LIPPI'S PORTRAIT.....	<i>By Montgomery Carmichael</i> 592
LITERATURE AND LYING.....	<i>By the Rev. Joseph Keating</i> 601
ASCENSION AND WHITSUNTIDE.....	<i>By the Rev. Herbert Thurston</i> 610
GRACECHURCH PAPERS. I. Sal Fish.....	<i>By John Ayscough</i> 622
FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.....	636
The Bishop's Bomb-shell.	
The Hundred Best Catholic Books.	
The Legend of a Mediæval Mrs. Proudie.	
REVIEWS.....	644
SHORT NOTICES.....	660
BOOKS RECEIVED.....	667
SOME FOREIGN REVIEWS.....	668

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO
LONDON & ONE SHILLING

[Editorial Offices, 31 Farm Street, Berkeley Square, W.]

STONYHURST PHILOSOPHICAL SERIES.

1. **Logic.** By RICHARD F. CLARKE, S.J., formerly Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College, Oxford. Second Edition. Price 5s.
 2. **First Principles of Knowledge.** By JOHN RICKABY, S.J., late Professor of Logic and General Metaphysics at St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst. Fourth Edition. Price 5s.
 3. **Moral Philosophy (Ethics and Natural Law).** By JOSEPH RICKABY, S.J., M.A. Lond.; late Professor of Ethics at St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst. Third Edition. Price 5s.
 4. **Natural Theology.** By BERNARD BOEDDER, S.J., Professor of Natural Theology at St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst. Second Edition. Price 6s. 6d.
 5. **Psychology: Empirical and Rational.** By MICHAEL MAHER, S.J., D.Lit., M.A. Lond. Seventh Edition (Twenty-first to Twenty-fourth Thousand). Price 6s. 6d.
 6. **General Metaphysics.** By JOHN RICKABY, S.J. Second Edition. Price 5s.
 7. **Political Economy.** By CHARLES S. DEVAS, M.A. Oxon. Sometime Examiner in Political Economy at the Royal University of Ireland. Third Edition. Revised and Enlarged. (Tenth to Twelfth Thousand). Price 7s. 6d.
 8. **Theories of Knowledge (Absolutism, Pragmatism, Realism).** By LESLIE J. WALKER, S.J., M.A. Sometime Professor of Philosophy at Stonyhurst College. Price, 9s.
-

LONGMANS, GREEN, & Co., London, New York, Bombay, and Calcutta.

Messrs. Longmans & Co.'s List

ESSAYS.

BY THE REV. HENRY IGNATIUS DUDLEY RYDER.

With Frontispiece. 8vo. 9s. net. (Inland postage, 5d.)

"This is something more than a volume full of manly and original Christian thought expressed in a style of singular ease and dignity. It sets the top stone on a cairn raised partly by his own pen and partly by the affectionate memory of his friends and disciples, in honour of one of the most winning personalities of our generation."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF BISHOP CHALLONER (1691—1781).

By EDWIN H. BURTON, DD., F.R. Hist. Soc. Vice-President of St. Edmund's College, Ware. With 34 Portraits and other Illustrations. Two vols. 8vo. 25s. net. (Inland postage, 6d.)

THE PLAIN GOLD RING. By the Rev. ROBERT KANE, S.J. Crown 8vo.

2s. 6d. net. (Inland postage, 4d.)

This book treats of marriage and such subjects as are connected with marriage.

"We cannot imagine a more fitting present some parish priest or other friend could make to a young couple beginning life together."—*The Tablet*.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR. THIRD IMPRESSION.

THE SERMON OF THE SEA, AND OTHER STUDIES.

Crown 8vo. 5s. net. (Inland postage, 4d.)

THE DAWN OF THE CATHOLIC REVIVAL IN ENGLAND.

1781—1803. By the Right Rev. Mgr. BERNARD WARD, President of St. Edmund's College, Ware. With 38 Illustrations. Two vols. 8vo. 25s. net. (Inland postage, 6d.)

CHRIST IN THE CHURCH. A Volume of Religious Essays. By the Rev. ROBERT HUGH BENSON. Crown 8vo.

3s. 6d. net. (Inland postage, 4d.)

"We can imagine no better book to put into the hands of an educated non-Catholic sincerely desirous of understanding the ethics of Catholicism."—*The Month*.

Lives of the Friar Saints.

Editors for the Franciscan Lives: The Very Rev. Fr. PROVINCIAL, O.F.M., and C. M. ANTONY.

Editors for the Dominican Lives: The Rev. Fr. BEDE JARRETT, O.P., and C. M. ANTONY.

The Series will begin with the Lives of the following Saints:—

Dominican.

Franciscan.

(1) St. Thomas Aquinas.

By Fr. PLACID CONWAY, O.P.

Price 1s. 6d. (Inland postage, 2d.) [Ready.

(1) St. Bonaventure.

By Fr. LAURENCE COSTELLOE, O.F.M.

Price 1s. 6d. (Inland postage, 2d.) [Ready.

NEW NOVEL BY MRS. WILFRID WARD.

The Job Secretary :

An Impression.

By Mrs. WILFRID WARD. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Works by the Abbé CONSTANT FOUARD.

St. Peter and the First Years of Christianity.

Crown 8vo, 9s.

St. Paul and his Missions. With

Maps. Crown 8vo, 9s.

The Last Years of St. Paul.

With Maps and Plans. Crown 8vo, 9s.

St. John and the Close of the Apostolic Age.

Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

THE CHRIST THE SON OF GOD: A Life of our Lord and Saviour

Jesus Christ. With an Introduction by CARDINAL MANNING. Two Vols. Crown 8vo., 14s. Popular Edition. 8vo., 1s. net; paper covers, 6d. net.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.,

39, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.

QUARTERLY SERIES.

BIOGRAPHIES.

- The Life and Letters of St. Francis Xavier.** By the REV. H. J. COLERIDGE, S.J. Two Vols. 10s. 6d.
- The Life of St. John Berchmans.** By the Rev. F. Goldie, S.J. Fifth Edition. 6s.
- The Story of St. Stanislaus Kostka.** Third and enlarged Edition. 4s. 6d.
- The Life of St. Alonso Rodriguez.** By the Rev. Father GOLDIE, S.J. 7s. 6d.
- The Life of St. Francis di Geronimo,** of the Society of Jesus. By A. M. CLARKE. 6s.
- The Life of St. Francis Borgia.** By A. M. CLARKE, author of *The Life of St. Francis di Geronimo*. The first Life of the Saint written in English. 6s. 6d.
- The Life of Blessed Antony Balduino.** By Father FRANCIS GOLDIE, S.J. 6s.
- The Life and Letters of St. Teresa.** Three vols. By the Rev. H. J. COLERIDGE, S.J. 7s. 6d. each.
- The Life of the Ven. Claude de la Colombiere.** Abridged from the French Life by EUGENE SEQUIN, S.J. 5s.
- The Life of St. Thomas of Hereford.** By Father L'ESTRANGE, S.J. 6s.
- The Life of St. Bridget of Sweden.** By F. J. M. A. PARTRIDGE. 6s.
- Acts of English Martyrs,** hitherto unpublished. By the Rev. JOHN H. POLLEN, S.J. With a Preface by the Rev. JOHN MORRIS, S.J. 7s. 6d.
- Distinguished Irishmen of the Sixteenth Century.** By the Rev. EDMUND HOGAN, S.J. 6s.
- Life of the Reverend Mother Mary of St. Euphrasia Pelletier,** first Superior General of the Congregation of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd of Angers. By A. M. CLARKE. 6s.
- The Story of Mary Aikenhead.** Foundress of the Irish Sisters of Charity. By MARIA NETHERCOTT. 3s.
- The Life of the Blessed Master John of Avila,** Secular Priest, called the Apostle of Andalusia. By Father LONGARO DEGLI ODDI, of the Society of Jesus. Edited by J. G. MACLEOD, S.J. Translated from the Italian. 4s.
- The Life of St. Hugh of Lincoln.** (With Portrait.) Translated from the French Carthusian Life, and Edited, with large additions, by the Rev. HERBERT THURSTON, S.J. 10s. 6d.

London: Burns and Oates (Limited), 28, Orchard Street, W.

HISTORICAL PAPERS.

EDITED BY THE LATE REV. JOHN MORRIS, S.J.

1. **The Spanish Inquisition.** By the Rev. SYDNEY F. SMITH, S.J. 1d.
2. **The False Decretals.** By the Rev. RICHARD F. CLARKE, S.J. 1d.
3. **Cranmer and Anne Boleyn.** By the Rev. JOSEPH STEVENSON, S.J. 2d.
4. **The Pallium.** By the Rev. HERBERT THURSTON, S.J. 2d.
5. **The Immuring of Nuns.** By the Rev. HERBERT THURSTON, S.J. 1d.
6. **The Huguenots.** By the Rev. WILLIAM LOUGHNAN, S.J. 1d.
7. **How "the Church of England washed her Face."** By the Rev. SYDNEY F. SMITH, S.J. 1d.
8. **St. Bartholomew's Day, 1572.** By the Rev. WILLIAM LOUGHNAN, S.J. 1d.
9. **The Rood of Boxley, or How a Lie Grows.** By the Rev. T. E. BRIDGETT, C.S.S.R. 3d.
10. **The First Experiment in Civil and Religious Liberty.** By JAMES CARMONT. 1d.
11. **Was St. Aidan an Anglican?** By the Rev. SYDNEY F. SMITH, S.J. 1d.
12. **The Gordon Riots.** By LIONEL JOHNSON, B.A. 1d.
13. **The Great Schism of the West.** By the Rev. SYDNEY F. SMITH, S.J. 2d.
14. **Rome's Witness against Anglican Orders.** By the Rev. SYDNEY F. SMITH, S.J. 2d.

EDITED BY THE REV. SYDNEY F. SMITH, S.J.

15. **The Book of Common Prayer and the Mass.** By the Rev. R. C. LAING. 1d.
 16. **Religious Instruction in England during the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries.** By DOM FRANCIS AIDAN GASQUET, O.S.B. 2d.
 17. **England's Title: Our Lady's Dowry: Its History and Meaning.** By the Rev. T. E. BRIDGETT, C.S.S.R. 1d.
 18. **Dr. Littledale's Theory of the Disappearance of the Papacy.** By the Rev. SYDNEY F. SMITH, S.J. 2d.
 19. **Dean Farrar on the Observance of Good Friday.** By the Rev. HERBERT THURSTON, S.J. 1d.
 20. **Savonarola and the Reformation.** By the Very Rev. J. PROCTER, O.P. 3d.
 21. **Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln.** By Mgr. W. CROKE ROBINSON. 2d.
 22. **The English Coronation Oath.** By the Rev. T. E. BRIDGETT, C.S.S.R. 1d.
 23. **Blessed Thomas Percy, Earl of Northumberland.** By the Rev. G. E. PHILLIPS. 3d.
 24. **The Landing of St. Augustine.** By the Rev. SYDNEY F. SMITH, S.J. 1d.
 25. **The Hungarian Confession.** By the Rev. SYDNEY F. SMITH, S.J. 1d.
 26. **The Reformation at St. Martin's, Leicester.** By DUDLEY BAXTER, B.A. 1d.
- The above in five volumes, cloth, price 1s. each.*
27. **Luther and Tetzl.** By the Rev. SYDNEY F. SMITH, S.J. 1d.

LONDON: CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, 69, SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD, S.E.

MANRESA PRESS LIST.

The Practical Catholic. Maxims suited to Catholics of the day. By Father GABRIEL PALAU, S.J. Translated by Father GEORGE CHARLES HUNGERFORD POLLEN, S.J. Crown 8vo. Pp. 208. Cloth, price 1s. 6d. net, postage 3d. Japanese Vellum, bevelled and gilt edges, price 3s. net, postage 3d.

The Science of Spiritual Life
By Father CLARE, S.J. New and Enlarged Edition. Demy 8vo, 668 pp., 7s. 6d. net; postage 5d.

Medaille, Rev. P. Meditations on the Gospels for Every Day in the Year
Translated under the direction of Father EYRE, S.J. Third Revised Edition. 7s. 6d. net; postage 5d.

The Adorable Heart of Jesus
By Father JOSEPH DE GALLIFFET, S.J. With Preface and Introduction by the Rev. R. F. CLARKE, S.J. Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 3s.

Mariale Novum : A Series of Sonnets on the Titles of our Lady's Litany, by Members of the Society of Jesus. Pott Quarto, pp. x and 128. 3s. 6d. net, art green canvas (postage 3d.). 5s. net, art green leather (postage 3d.).

Daily Duties : An Instruction for Novices. 6d. net, by post 7d.

Meditation : An Instruction for Novices. 6d. net, by post 7d.

Vocation : or Preparation for the Vows, with a further Instruction on Mental Prayer. 6d. net, by post 7d.

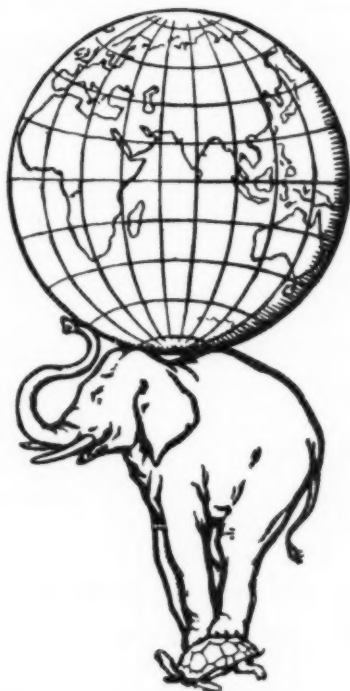
Daily Duties, Meditation, Vocation, bound together in one Vol, cloth, 2s. net.

For Frequent Communicants : Aids to Devotion. With Preface by W. ROCHE, S.J. Demy 16mo, wrapper, 3d. post free; limp cloth, 6d. post free.

MANRESA PRESS, ROEHAMPTON, LONDON, S.W.

AND OF ALL CATHOLIC BOOKSELLERS

Fifth and cheaper Edition of
**THE OLD RIDDLE
AND THE NEWEST
ANSWER**



BY
JOHN GERARD, S.J., F.L.S.

(FIFTEENTH TO TWENTY-FIFTH THOUSAND.)

PRICE SIXPENCE

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 39, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON E.C.

SCRIPTURE MANUALS

FOR

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

Edited by the REV. SYDNEY F. SMITH, S.J.

ST. MATTHEW. By the Rev. JOSEPH RICKABY, S.J.
Crown 8vo, boards, with three Maps, 2s. 6d.

ST. MARK. By the Rev. SYDNEY F. SMITH, S.J. Crown 8vo,
boards, with three Maps, 2s. 6d.

ST. LUKE. By the Rev. J. W. DARBY, O.S.B., and the
Rev. SYDNEY F. SMITH, S.J. Crown 8vo, boards, with
three Maps, 2s. 6d.

ST. JOHN. By the Rev. JOSEPH RICKABY, S.J. Crown 8vo,
boards, with three Maps, 2s.

ACTS. PART I. (Chapters i.—xvi.) By the Very Rev.
T. A. BURGE, O.S.B. Crown 8vo, boards, with Map, 2s.

ACTS. PART II. (Chapters xiii.—xxviii.) By the Very Rev.
T. A. BURGE, O.S.B. Crown 8vo, boards, with Map
1s. 6d.

BURNS & OATES, 28, ORCHARD STREET, LONDON, W.

THE MONTH.

CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1911.

THE NEW ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA ON THE JESUITS.	<i>page</i>
By the Rev. J. H. Pollen	561
FAIRY-TALES OF NATURAL HISTORY.....	By the Editor 575
"THE AMAZING EMPEROR".....	By W. Blake Jennings 580
FRA LIPPO LIPPI'S PORTRAIT.....	By Montgomery Carmichael 592
LITERATURE AND LYING.....	By the Rev. Joseph Keating 601
ASCENSION AND WHITSUNTIDE.....	By the Rev. H. Thurston 610
GRACECHURCH PAPERS. I. Sal Fish.....	By John Ayscough 622
FLOTSAM AND JETSAM	636
The Bishop's Bomb-shell.	
The Hundred Best Catholic Books.	
The Legend of a Mediaeval Mrs. Proudie.	
REVIEWS	644
1. Mysticism: A Study in the Nature and Development of Man's Spiritual Consciousness. By Evelyn Underhill. 2. Année Sociale Internationale: 1911. 3. Cambridge Liturgical Handbooks. (1) The Ancient Church Orders. By A. J. Maclean, D.D. (2) The Church Year and Calendar. By J. Dowden, D.D. 4. Famous Sea-Fights, from Salamis to Tsushima. By John Richard Hale. With thirteen Illustrations and seventeen Plans. 5. The Life of John Oliver Hobbes, told in her correspondence with numerous friends, with a biographical sketch by her father, John Morgan Richards. 6. The "Summa Theologica" of St. Thomas Aquinas. Part I. (First Number, QQ. i.—xxvi.) Literally translated by Fathers of the English Dominican Province. 7. Essays. By the Rev. Henry Ignatius Dudley Ryder. Edited by Francis Bacchus, of the Oratory, Birmingham.	
SHORT NOTICES	660
BOOKS RECEIVED	667
SOME FOREIGN REVIEWS.....	668

Literary Communications, Exchanges, and Books for Review should be addressed to "The Editor of THE MONTH," 31, Farm Street, Berkeley Square, London, W.; and not to the Publishers; Business Communications, to The Manager, Manresa Press, Roehampton, London, S.W., who also receives subscriptions (12/- per annum).

Articles submitted to the Editor should *always* be signed with the Name and Address of the Sender (even when it is desired that they should appear anonymously).

Price Sixpence, net, Wrapper ; One Shilling Cloth.
Illustrated.

THE CORONATION CEREMONIAL:

Its True History and Meaning

BY THE REV. HERBERT THURSTON, S.J.

CONTENTS

PART I.

THE CORONATION CEREMONIAL : ITS TRUE
HISTORY AND MEANING.

Chapter I. Introductory	page 1
„ II. The Early History of the Coronation Service	12
„ III. The King's Ecclesiastical Character	29
„ IV. The King's Coronation Oath	40
„ V. The Anointing	53
„ VI. The "Sacerdotal Vestures"	68

PART II.

THE FORM AND ORDER OF THEIR MAJESTIES'
CORONATION.

Catholic Truth Society,
69 SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD, S.E.

The New Encyclopædia Britannica on the Jesuits.

THE eleventh edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* has now issued from the press, and is finding its way to our bookshelves. People are beginning to test it, and to ask one another whether it is a good bargain, and Catholics in general will question themselves, whether it shows a fairer spirit to their Church than its predecessors. On the whole it seems to do so, but with exceptions to which we may return later; and what is true about Catholic interests in general is also true of the special article on the Jesuits. This was originally written for the thirteenth volume of the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia* (1880) by that well-known controversialist, the late F. W. Little-
dale, D.D., of Trinity College, Dublin, and author of numerous books against Catholicism, of which his *Plain Reasons against joining the Church of Rome*, 1880, is the best known. His article was reissued without change in the tenth edition, though it was a very poor piece of work, which so ill befitted its place, that a strong and eloquent protest was made against it in this Magazine by the late Father William Loughnan, in August, 1882. The truth of his exceptions are practically admitted now, for the new editors have left out, or mitigated, the grave faults which were enumerated by him.

But they have kept the rest of the paper, and in so doing they have clearly given their case away. If there had only been slight, accidental, or superficial faults to correct, no objection could have been raised. But when there is question of charges of murder, of immoral doctrine, and of imposition on a large scale, the case is different. If Dr. Littledale is in error on subjects so vital and far-reaching, the material on which he worked, the methods he employed must all have been radically wrong. To keep seventy per cent. of his article while dropping thirty is to rob the result of all reliability.

A few details will make this plainer, and we may touch first upon extravagances, which are easily detected, and need not be

referred to again. Dr. Littledale then seems to have been inclined to accept the Jesuit myth in all its fulness. The Jesuits, he thinks, were ubiquitous polypragmatists, who "controlled the policy of Spain," and were evidently responsible for that of France. It was for him a matter "of familiar knowledge" that they "precipitated the Franco-German War of 1870." Compared with that, it was easy for them "to fill up all the sees of Latin Christendom with Bishops of their own selection" (p. 656, ii.). Such indeed is their power that the poor Pope with the rest of the Church seem reduced to relative unimportance. In fact they were so independent of Rome that "they might break with it, without imperilling their own existence." Indeed "the Society has never from the very first obeyed the Pope, whenever its will and his happened to run counter to each other" (p. 648, i.). Pope Paul IV., for instance, a remarkably strong ruler, resolved that he would at least make the Jesuits "recite their breviary daily" (p. 648, ii.), as indeed all other priests do. But he was "openly resisted," and we are left to infer that his successors abandoned the unequal contest. As to the traditional wealth of the Order, they early found means to evade the restrictions incident to their state. They got, for instance, Pope Julius II. (though he, by the way, had died before Ignatius' conversion) "to dispense the Father General from the vow of poverty" (p. 649, ii.). As to their moral teaching, what could be worse, seeing that they could "attenuate and even defend any kind of sin" (p. 647, i.).

Some of Dr. Littledale's smaller faults show, as plainly as his gross extravagances, how little intimate he is with the life of the Society. Take, for instance, a little mistake about the Roman Novitiate at Sant' Andrea, and their great Roman church and residence, the Gesù, localities well known to all readers of Jesuit history, as also to thousands of visitors to Rome. Dr. Littledale shows his "familiar" knowledge of the subject by identifying the two, and speaking of "St. Andrea now the Gesù" (p. 653, i.).

Errors, great and small, like the above will appear in plenty as we continue, and others might be collected with ease, were there any object in so doing. Sufficient have been noted to indicate how thoroughly incompetent an historian of the Society Dr. Littledale was, and by consequence how unworthy of preservation any part of his lucubration.

The fact is that, though not so malicious as various other attacks on the body which might be named, it is written on

an altogether wrong principle. It is an invective, not a history ; a repository of accusations, not a storehouse of facts. No endeavour is made to present the light with the shade, the good with the ill, in one natural picture. It is merely an indictment, sufficiently moderate to avoid shocking the ordinary Protestant reader. We shall have to return to this, when discussing the result of the revision of Dr. Littledale's article. Suffice it then to allude to it here, as the chief of all reasons why the article should be abandoned altogether, seeing that it is the embodiment of principles and methods, which the *Encyclopædia* as a rule tries to eliminate and remove.

Coming now to the revision, our first inquiry must be, what about the reviser? This is (so far as we are told) the late Rev. Ethelred Taunton, described in the list of contributors as a Jesuit ! Father Taunton was doubtless chosen for this work because he published, early in 1901, a smart attack on Father Persons and the English Jesuits. It will not be necessary for me to descend to any details in regard to this work, which was criticized in this Magazine at the time, and our article was followed by a correspondence in the *Tablet*, which was summed up, June 22, 1901. That correspondence, though long, was useful, as showing that the author had nothing in reserve, no deep insight into the history, no intimate knowledge of the materials he handled. He had read without understanding, or capacity for seeing through difficulties, and in the mental confusion which ensued he thought it was his duty to conclude against the Society. If there was no conscious malice, there was also no power of distinguishing right from wrong ; no perception of the harm that can be done by declaring that an erroneous conclusion was a true one.

Such is the reviser who is now set up as "S.J.," and invoked to correct Dr. Littledale's composition, and to bring it up to date. Who does not see what evil consequences this "S.J." bungle may lead to? Many a rapid, unreflecting, or hostile reader will go away believing that the very objectionable Jesuit myth as proposed in this article, has the sanction of the Order itself. We should add, however, that the editors, having been informed of the mistake, have promised to rectify it in the Index volume and in subsequent issues.

Father Taunton died suddenly four years ago, and some member of the staff must have corrected his composition for

the press. But this second revision naturally leads on the question, whether still further changes have been made, in the substance of Father Taunton's work. There is, in particular, one sentence in the article which we cannot possibly believe to have been sanctioned by him. That matter of "familiar knowledge" to Dr. Littledale, already cited, that the Jesuits "filled up nearly all the Sees of Latin Christendom with Bishops of their own selection." This is rubbish, which Father Taunton, so sensitive for the honour of the secular clergy, cannot have intended to pass. It must, therefore, excite our suspicions.

On the other hand, there is only this one sentence, to which so peremptory an objection can be raised; and, coming as it does at the very end of the article, it *may* have slipped through by some accident, especially when we remember that the reviser was not a very accurate person, and that he died without the opportunity of making arrangements for the completion of his work. With regard to the bulk of the alterations, we see no valid reason to doubt the Taunton authorship. Some are highly characteristic of him, and others do him credit.

To the credit of Father Taunton let it also be said at once, that he has attempted his impossible task with a great deal of pluck, and with evidently good intentions. He has cut out so many gross errors from Dr. Littledale's article, that no one can doubt he meant to have eliminated all. Better still, he has filled up the space thus acquired to good purpose.* When we come to a systematic review of his work, we shall find various paragraphs which deserve, and shall receive, actual praise. Still, as the dominant tone is hostility, we must take stock of the methods in which this effect is produced.

If many of Dr. Littledale's charges are omitted, several fresh ones have been introduced in their stead. They are much less virulent than Dr. Littledale's, yet often of a kind more likely to do present or permanent injury. Jesuit colleges, for instance, are sneered at as educating boys "in the same manner as they consider advisable for their own novices" (p. 342, i.), though elsewhere, Dr. Littledale's praise for their system is retained (p. 339, ii.).

Another characteristic is to strengthen a charge by watering down obvious excesses of statement. Dr. Littledale had written that the Jesuits "kindled" the Thirty Years' War. In the face of modern text-books, and of the *Encyclopædia's* own article on the subject, that was false. But instead of omitting the

erroneous proposition, it is modified. The Jesuits now "share in" the war.

Sometimes these modifications bear witness not only to a perverse system, but also to ignorance of the facts. Dr. Littledale writes that "Carlo Borromeo, to whose original advocacy the Jesuits owed much, afterwards withdrew his protection and expelled them from his colleges and churches" (p. 650, i.). The reviser seems to have felt that this statement was liable to the interpretation that the Jesuits had been inoffensive, and the Saint aggressive. So he introduces an excuse for him. "He found himself attacked in his cathedral pulpit, and interfered with in his jurisdiction" (p. 341, i.), and therefore expelled them, &c., as before.

Now the readers of the Life of St. Charles will see that a new confusion is here introduced. Those who interfered with the Archbishop's jurisdiction were the Spanish officials of the Civil Government, while the difference with the Jesuits concerned his Episcopal Seminary. Moreover, so far was St. Charles from "expelling them from his colleges and churches," that in addition to the great College of the Brera, and the church which he had already given them, he actually settled the Seminary difficulty by consigning the teaching to the Jesuits, and giving the discipline to his Oblates. His Jesuit confessor, Francesco Adorno, attended him constantly, and even on his death-bed.¹

Another bad bungle freshly introduced, regards the alleged teaching of St. Ignatius, that "it is a rule of orthodoxy to say that black is white, if the Church says so" (p. 340, ii.). Dr. Littledale had oddly enough omitted this common charge. He may possibly have met with the very simple truth of the matter. What Ignatius says is, that it is the rule of orthodoxy to be ready to say that, what *seems* to me black is white, if the Church should define that it was white.² To say, as "The Reverend Taunton, S.J." suggests, that black is white, would be a lie, and can never be tolerated. It is a shame that a Catholic priest should misrepresent Catholic doctrine so seriously.

Another novelty, which admirers of Cardinal Manning

¹ See C. Sylvain, *Hist. de St. Charles Borromée*, Lille, 1884, iii. 53—79. The *Encyclopædia* article on St. Charles is silent as to the charges revived by Dr. Littledale, though it has revived (and mis-stated) the accusations of Quesnel in regard to Father J. B. Ribera, for a full answer to which see Crétineau-Joly, 1845, i. 363-4.

² *Spiritual Exercises*. Rules for thinking with the Church, no. xiii.

will regret, is the invocation of his name to the detriment of the Order. In his old age, his Eminence allowed himself with doubtful taste to put complaints on record and prophecies of misfortunes to others, and in particular foretold that another Suppression of the Society was at hand. "There is another 1773 coming" (p. 343, ii.). Father Taunton quotes this, and thinks he is enhancing the value of the forecast by explaining that the late Pope Leo XIII. had "made another suppression possible." This he accomplished by very simple expedients: "by adhesion to the Thomist philosophy and theology, and active work for the regeneration of the older Orders," thus "destroying much of the Jesuits' prestige" (p. 347, ii.). It can only have been the oracular gravity with which this solemn nonsense is delivered, which can have induced the final revisers to pass it for the press.

Thus the reviser, though certainly not destitute of good qualities, is far from possessing those distinguished literary gifts, without which it was hardly possible to succeed in the difficult task, to which he was set. Had he been allowed a free hand he would no doubt have done much better. He has contributed to the *Encyclopædia* a very fair article on St. Ignatius, in which, to be sure, he had the great assistance of Father Thurston's edition of the Saint's *Testament*. Though that article also is diversified by various odd mistakes, it is at all events incomparably better than the work here. To this we cannot but object; but we do so without reference to the personality of the reviser.

Before proceeding to criticize the article as it in fact appears, it will be well to recall again what such an article should have been. In an encyclopædia like this, we look above all for the simple enumeration of the main facts or features regarding the history or the subject discussed, with an occasional indication of the judgment or judgments commonly passed on the facts; and finally a list of authorities which will show where the best and fullest information may be found. This is the ideal which has been kept in view in the vast majority of the articles; this has to a large extent been achieved, and this is what makes the *Encyclopædia* on the whole a valuable repository of knowledge.

But so far is this from being the case here, that in the first place the bibliography at the end ignores all those authorities, which an historian would say ought to have been consulted

either first, or at least constantly, as the acknowledged arbiters on questions doubtful or disputed. These publications have frequently been reviewed or noticed in these pages. They fall into two classes—Record Publications, of which the most notable are the *Monumenta Historica Societatis Jesu*,¹ and Histories, of which the principal writers are Fathers Duhr, Astrain, Tacchi-Venturi, Fouqueray, Hughes, Kroess. They have by their ample erudition, sane criticism, and clear expositions, cleared up innumerable difficulties, pointed out new sources in abundance, and have made the intelligent study of many intricate periods comparatively simple and straightforward.

But all this is passed over,² and the fatally bad plan is adopted of taking an old discredited indictment (itself drawn up from still older indictments) and refurbishing it at the reviser's taste; cutting off extravagances here, adding a new charge there, and mitigating another elsewhere; but, nowhere getting the real object in view and writing from observation.

When one of our great painters sets about painting the portrait, say of some great statesman, he meets, studies, converses with, draws directly from his sitter for many an hour, touching and retouching according to what he sees in the person before him. What should we say, if neglecting this, he confined himself to caricatures, and made up his picture by laboriously comparing one with another, and dropping those excrescences which seem grotesque and impossible. It might be perfectly possible to do such a thing in the case of a much discussed statesman like Mr. Balfour or Mr. Churchill. But how preposterous a method of portrait painting; how impossible to arrive by such methods at any adequate representation of the man.

This then is the capital offence of the portrait of the Jesuits under discussion,—it is not studied from the life. A feature here may be good, part of the outline there may be clever, some of the local colouring is well imagined; but the whole is a dummy which never existed, and, never could have been an object of admiration to millions, or have inspired acts of devotion almost without number.

Let us now turn to the article itself, and try to obtain some

¹ Edited by C. G. Rodeles, Madrid, 1894, &c.

² The title of Father Hughes' book is indeed given, but no use has been made of it. There is not even an allusion to the existence of Jesuits in Maryland.

idea of its character. It is divided between constitutional questions, and an historical sketch of the Order, from its foundation to the present time. Under the first heading we find an account of the origin of the name Jesuit, then some ideas on its military obedience, then proof that the Jesuits cannot be commanded to commit sin: next a little dissertation on the vows and distinction of grades. The fabled Third Order of Jesuits living in the world is shown to be at least improbable. The relations of the Jesuits to the Holy See are set forth reasonably and the great work of the Society in education and on the missions, receives some well-judged words of praise (pp. 337—340).

As has been shown this part of the work is mainly by Father Taunton, and may in general be commended. Small faults are indeed fairly frequent, but Littledale's gross errors, with very few exceptions, have been corrected, or watered down. Father Taunton has cut out one topic of praise to the Order, for which we will not blame him. Dr. Littledale, following a common Protestant precedent, exalted greatly the Society's success against the Reformation. But this had its motive. The praise was supposed to prove that the Church of Rome was only saved by the arts of the Jesuits, and this was often extended to show that Protestants were bound to persecute Jesuits as their natural enemies. Father Taunton retains some unfair phrases like, "Protestants whose avowed foe the Society has been," (p. 340, i.), but he has rightly moderated Littledale's insidious commendations.

From this point onwards portion of the article retains in substance the form Dr. Littledale gave it, and is always hostile, though now less so than before. The two chief counts in Dr. Littledale's indictment are, *first* that the Society became an object of universal suspicion, *second* that it was an entire failure.

As to the first—"The Society has incurred universal suspicion and dislike . . . not merely from Protestants, nor yet from the enemies of all clericalism, but from every Catholic State and nation in the world. . . . Its chief enemies have been those of the Roman Catholic Faith" (p. 340, i.) Notice the fallacious passage from "chief" to "universal." The Society's Catholic foes, are, of course, its worst foes. Domestic enemies are habitually the most dangerous. But does it therefore follow that other Catholics are "universally" hostile? Neither in logic nor in fact can the conclusion stand. How could Catholics so

readily entrust their children to the Jesuits for education, if they were everywhere disliked? How indeed could the Order continue to exist at all, but for the continual goodwill of the faithful; seeing that it depends entirely on that good will for means, for members and for occupation. Indeed who can help seeing that much of the hostility, which the Society incurs, is due, sometimes avowedly due, to its notable popularity with the great majority of its co-religionists.

The truth which Dr. Littledale wishes to exploit is this. The number of accusations brought against the Jesuits is very remarkable. Catholic accusers are not few, and some of these have been bitter enemies. But these generalities are easily misconceived. Many of our great statesmen have been attacked as much or more than the Jesuits. The lampoons on men like Gladstone, Disraeli, Chamberlain, have been far more numerous and bitter than those on the Jesuits of the same period. Whatever other inference we like to draw from this, we cannot say it proves these great popular leaders to have been *universally unpopular*.

Dr. Littledale next dwells on "the ultimate failure which seems to dog all its most promising schemes and efforts." The Doctor does not think it necessary to bring forward any facts to prove his conclusion. What he has in mind seems to be the vulgar standard of judging everything by material success. The wonderful Reductions of Paraguay fell "like a pack of cards" when the Jesuits were removed by violence, and this is supposed to be a plain reason against the Society. An opposite conclusion from such facts is surely far more warrantable. They seem to show that Jesuits, and Jesuits only, could keep those admirable colonies alive.

Instead of proofs that the Jesuits *have* failed, Dr. Littledale proceeds to give us two imaginary causes "of the universal failure of the great Society in all its plans and efforts. . . . It lacks really great intellects. . . . Apart from the founder and his early companion, St. Francis Xavier, there is none who stands in the very first rank." Far be it from me to combat this statement. There is no doubt that large organizations are less likely to develop individuals of extraordinary qualities than a high level of good talent. This is as true of the Society as of every other association of human beings; but it does not cause other associations to fail universally—why should it make the Society of Jesus fail? In any case, it is ludicrous to adduce

this truism in lieu of proof that the Society has so failed. Moreover, if this be a cause of universal failure, why did it not always produce its effects? If the only two great men of the Society were dead by its sixteenth year, how was it that after that, as this writer himself records, it continued to work with fruitfulness, the volume of which ever increased? How was it that failure, that is, want of success, did not occur till the violent suppression two hundred and fifty years later?

Then comes the brief sketch of the history of the Order. In its early portions we are told the old story of Father Laynez having given a new turn to the Institute, after Ignatius' death, by the addition of the "Declarations . . . which sometimes completely altered the meaning of [Ignatius'] original text." (p. 344 i.)

Though there was never the least plausibility about this fiction, its fabulous character has been made more apparent now than ever by the publication in facsimile, which lies before me, of Ignatius' own manuscript copy of the "Constitutions" and "Declarations." On the one hand, this original Spanish exactly agrees with the Latin *textus receptus* still in force, as may be seen by Father de la Torre's edition (1892), in which Spanish and Latin are printed face to face. On the other hand, as the photographs show, the "Declarations" were written simultaneously with the "Constitutions," as they profess to be. Both show finishing touches in the autograph of the holy founder himself, and neither of them have been altered since. The theory of changes in the essence of the Institute by Laynez or Aquaviva is a mere "Jesuit-fable." Though the photo-type reproduction has been produced quite lately, Father de la Torre's work, in which the texts are reprinted with the most minute precision, has been out for just on twenty years.

A great deal of space has been devoted to the Suppression of the Order by Clement XIV. in 1773. That is certainly the chief "crux" in Jesuit history, and the most plausible accusations are those deduced from Clement's brief. It is not possible to dispose of them here in a couple of pages. But they have fortunately been treated with sufficient fulness by Father Sydney Smith in this magazine a comparatively short time ago, and I may refer my readers to his papers¹ for an ample and up-to-date answer to Dr. Littledale's insinuations, which Father Taunton has here left practically unaltered. The article

¹ THE MONTH, February—December, 1902; January—August, 1903.

concludes with the reviser's nonsense about the future suppression, which we have already mentioned.

From this brief sketch of the article under discussion, it will at once be seen that the new points in the indictment of the Society are not very numerous nor very important. The bad impression is created by silence as to things praiseworthy; by a multiplicity of sneers and insinuations, interspersed with partial statements and an occasional grossly erroneous charge. The partial statements are very numerous.

To Father Edward Petre we find this allusion in the previous edition: [The Society] "guided the action of James II., lost the crown of England for the house of Stuart, and brought about the limitation of the throne to the Protestant succession." Father Taunton endeavoured to condense the sentence, "Their decisive influence caused . . . the ruin of the Stuart cause under James II., and the establishment of the Protestant succession" (p. 340, ii.).

Every one knows that James injured his cause by his obstinate endeavours to bring Father Petre into power. Nor is there anything novel in the extreme charge here made, that the Jesuits "guided" or "dominated" the King, and "lost" his crown or "ruined his cause." An old charge certainly, but, tested by modern standard histories, must it not be regarded as exaggerated?

For answer let us consult the *Encyclopædia's* own article on James II. The account which we find there is fairly full, and cannot be considered as partial to that monarch. But here Father Petre and his *confrères* are not so much as mentioned! The causes of the King's fall are described, the share of his Ministers in his mistakes is considered, but the writer did not think it worth while to pay any attention to the small part played in that drama by the Jesuit Father! Charges against the Society are treated here on different principles from those in use in other sections of this publication. The same difference between warm accusation here and calm historical statement elsewhere may be found in other places of the *Encyclopædia*. That on the "Thirty Years' War" has been already alluded to. The article "France" offers many correctives to the story of the Suppression in France as at p. 346. The comparison on the subject of the Chinese Rites is more noteworthy still. This again is a case in which no one now-a-days pretends that

the Jesuit pioneers judged absolutely aright in every detail. But Dr. Littledale goes so far as to assert that in this matter "the Jesuit missionaries virtually assimilated Christianity to Heathenism."¹ Father Taunton is equally extravagant: "The grave scandal of the Chinese and Malabar rites began to make thinking men ask seriously whether the Jesuit missionaries taught anything which could fairly be called Christianity at all."² Turn, however, to the article on "Father Matteo Ricci," the great Chinese scholar and missionary, and the virtual originator of the views on which the Jesuit missionaries acted.³ This is written by Sir Henry Yule, an Oriental scholar of distinction; and as one reads, one is at once aware of having passed to a new atmosphere. Ricci's views are explained with perfect candour, and their good sense is completely vindicated. One returns to Dr. Littledale and Father Taunton, conscious that they have not the taste for the refreshing air of pure history.

Further indication of the partisanship with which this article is composed is the systematic defence of all persecutors of the Society. Every one has heard of the incredible cruelties with which the old Japanese stamped out the Jesuit missions. "But it is impossible," says our article (p. 345, i.), "to acquit the Jesuits of a large share in the causes of that overthrow." That the French atheists should have attacked the Society is admitted to be an honour to the religious thoroughness of the Order. "But the Jesuits are responsible in no small degree ['in France as in England,' interjects Father Taunton] for alienating the minds of men from the religion for which they professed to work" (p. 345, ii.).

As for the Suppression of the Order, it was "the natural result of forces they had set in antagonism, without the power of controlling" (p. 342, ii.). At this we cannot but remember our brave policemen at Houndsditch "setting into antagonism" the alien criminals, "without the power of controlling" the fire of their revolvers. Far, however, from blaming our men for that, we accord them a public funeral, and the warmest homage of our hearts.

Of the *Kulturkampf* we read the Jesuits "became very powerful in the Rhine Provinces, and gradually moulding the younger generation of clergy, succeeded in spreading Ultramontane views amongst them, and so leading up to difficulties, which

¹ 9th Edit. p. 648.² 11th Edit. p. 345, i.³ Vol. xxiii. p. 288.

issued in the Falk laws" (p. 346 i.). By such hooks and crooks, the Jesuits can always be made in the wrong.

The perseverance with which the Order is attacked is such that it is hard to handle the charges without incurring the suspicion of a desire to belaud or panegyrisé the Society. Let that extreme be at once deprecated.

It is, of course, true that some of the materials for the history of the Jesuits should be found in the form of panegyrics. A teaching and preaching Order is bound to have occasional Jubilee publications for its colleges, in which the past is regarded in a roseate light, as well as occasional funeral discourses on its more notable dead, in which *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. Offence may no doubt be given by using and referring to such publications, as though such writings formed final or complete histories of the Order. The references here and elsewhere to the first Jubilee book of the Society, the *Imago primi Sæculi* (Antwerp, 1640), show how very liable these barocco eulogies are to misrepresentation. The taste of our forefathers, both Catholic and Protestant, was once different, and the Jesuit historians were in this respect no better than their contemporaries. But their fault was that of their age; a fault of taste rather than of judgment. At all events, it is not in vogue now, and the reader will find a very different spirit in the modern Jesuit histories cited above. Straightforward criticism, when founded on knowledge of facts, is always welcome.

But an indictment like that now set forth to the world is far from agreeable. It is not based upon the study of the original, is full of partiality and over-statement, and it contains many gross errors of fact, as well as allegations of bad motives and of pernicious doctrine. It may be that we ought not to expect full and fair treatment in religious matters at the hands of a board of editors who are demonstratively not of our Faith; and that we ought to take the ill-favours shown to Catholics here and elsewhere as a much-needed reminder that we must provide ourselves with books of reference, if we would have them suited to our needs. But at all events we may complain that this article compares badly with the work of other English non-Catholic Encyclopædias under the same title. Why should not the *Encyclopædia Britannica* be as fair as *Chambers' Encyclopædia*, say, whose article on Jesuits is one to which no exception can be taken? The American *New International Encyclopædia*

(New York, 1910) gives one written on a yet fuller scale, shows complete knowledge of the subject and its bibliography enumerates all the modern authorities to which we have alluded above.

Why, above all, should not the *Encyclopædia Britannica* aim at the same good scholarship and sober judgment in the article *Jesuits* as it postulates elsewhere. We are not ungrateful for the improvements which have been introduced into this new edition, but they form the strongest of all pleas for complete equality and for perfect fairness of treatment in the future.

J. H. POLLEN.

Fairy-Tales of Natural History.

THAT science is continually adding to our knowledge of the world in which we live is of course undeniable, but it is no less certain that the knowledge she imparts frequently takes the form of showing that what we had supposed to be knowledge, and even scientific knowledge, was in reality but error serving to lead us further from the truth. In particular is this true in regard of the great doctrine of evolution which scientific men now generally hold to be the supreme law prevailing throughout nature, but as to whose actual course the more we discover the less appears to be established with any certainty.

To take a conspicuous instance. The features which despite enormous differences are common to birds and reptiles, have convinced men of science that both are descended from a common ancestor, of which no actual evidence has yet been found, but which, broadly speaking, must have been more like a reptile than a bird, and gradually have developed the various characters—the vesture of feathers—the fore-limbs converted into wings—hind-limbs fitted for walking and perching—the toothless skull, and all the rest,—which so distinctively mark off birds as a class apart from all other living things. Such a transformation must necessarily have been a lengthy process, and, to take but one feature into consideration, the development of wings suitable for flight must have been extremely slow, exhibiting many stages. When, therefore, there were found fossil birds with decidedly reptilian characters, some at least of which had wings so small as to be practically useless for flying purposes, and like those of penguins, suitable only for swimming and diving, it was but natural to assume at first that here was evidence of how wings were developed, and that in these instances we could behold them in the making. Further examination, however, discountenanced such an idea, and convinced naturalists that the race from which these specimens were descended had once been able to fly perfectly well, and

that the miniature wings now exhibited have been evolved not by development but by degeneration.

This evidently introduces another and most puzzling factor into the evolutionary problem, and furnishes a grave difficulty for those popularizers of Darwinism who in the first hey-day of the theory were prepared at once to narrate the history of all living things on the strength of the natural selection theory, and the survival of the fittest. All that was required, in the opinion of such persons, was to suppose that everything had happened as their hypothesis required, and then to lay it down that things had so been. But, as in the case of the birds, it constantly appears that this disturbing element of degeneration must be reckoned with, making it by no means easy to say how, if all changes must be accounted for by their beneficial effects, the progress was first made which afterwards has had to be reversed.

An obvious example is afforded by a plant within the observation of everybody, that known as Duckweed, which will be found floating on the surface of any stagnant pool. The structure of this is of extremest simplicity. Not only does it seldom flower—one species¹ never in Britain—propagating itself by the primitive device of gemmiferous bulbs, but there is no distinction between stem and leaf and the species referred to above is even without the thread-like roots hanging downwards in the water which serve the purposes of others. Here, then, undoubtedly we find what must be considered a primitive ancestral stage through which the evolution of higher families of plants has passed, and which has been quoted as a trace happily remaining of the simplest and earliest form in which such life first began. Yet, as we are told on the highest authority, "all botanists are agreed that the Duckweeds are really degenerate water-forms, degraded from higher plants in consequence of their mode of life, and not primitive or ancestral at all." It must be added that in spite of its renunciation of higher aims the degraded plant has been singularly successful, often covering large surfaces of water and affording a favourite food and hunting-ground to the birds from which it is named.

It is clear, therefore, that we shall do well in studying nature to confine ourselves to that of which we have plain evidence either in the geological record, or at least in the transformation of plants and animals under cultivation or domestication, and

¹ *Lemma arrhiza*, or *Wolffia*.

to discard any conclusions however ingenious and attractive, in favour of which nothing more solid is to be adduced than our own imagination.

It must not, however, be supposed that in thus restricting ourselves we must needs be confined to a prosaic and humdrum history, and that nothing is to be found in the undoubted records of Nature which, however it may baffle us to account for, goes far beyond what the liveliest fancy could have invented and all the metamorphoses which poets have fabled. Many are doubtless acquainted with the romance in which the ingenious Mr. Wells has narrated an invasion of our earth by a body of creatures from the planet Mars. These are represented as having got an earlier start than ourselves in the way of Evolution, with the result that they have reached a point far beyond our own, and, concentrating all progress in one direction, have become mere intellectuals, it being sufficient for them to serve as brains for the ingenious and elaborate machines which they have devised, and by means of which all their work is done. Even the limbs of the Martians have been reduced to tentacles like those of cuttlefish, through which to actuate and direct what may be styled their mechanical selves, which without the guidance of an intelligence become as useless and helpless as the finest of our Dreadnoughts without a man on board of it. The Martians have moreover lost all vestige of a moral sense and coming to earth proceed at once to slaughter men wholesale for their own sustenance, and to destroy the works of men in town and country, apparently to exhibit their power.

A wonderfully close analogue to this bold imagination is furnished by a plant which has adopted the disreputable profession of a parasite on Sumatran vines.¹ Like the Martians, it concentrates its endeavours on the development of what is doubtless its highest part, and with such success as to produce the biggest flower in the world, a yard in diameter. But to this everything else is sacrificed, stem, leaves, and roots having all disappeared and being represented only by a web of threads, like the spawn of a fungus, burrowing in the substance of the luckless plant, whose vital juices are converted by some mysterious alchemy to purposes quite different from those for which they were originally designed.

Though an extreme instance, this is by no means singular, there being many even of our native plants which, having

¹ *Rafflesia Arnoldi*.

stooped to the inglorious trade of parasites, have in like manner divested themselves of organs the functions of which are supplied by those of their victims. A notable example is Dodder, of the convolvulus family, which fixing its roots in those of nettles, thistles, vetches, flax, clover, gorse, thyme, and other plants, the leaves of which serve it as lungs, has discarded its own foliage, while its stems are reduced to mere threads, which, however, in spite of its transformation, twine in the orthodox family fashion to the right—or against the sun—and bear blossoms which are unmistakably those of convolvuli. Other parasites, such as the Broomrape and Toothwort, which plant themselves in the roots of trees or shrubs, have converted the green leaves—which usually serve for the manufacture of chlorophyl—into brown or pallid scales, while the Bird's Nest Orchis has gone into partnership with a fungus, the character of which it has largely assumed, and which helps it to get its food. Less thorough-going parasites are the Rattle and Eye-bright, which do much to deteriorate the value of meadows where they abound, and the most famous of all, the Mistletoe.

But plants can exhibit their enterprise and resourcefulness in other ways than by thus sponging upon their neighbours. Some, reversing the usual order of things, feed on animals instead of being fed on by them. Such are the well-known pitcher-plants, Venus's Fly-traps and *Saracénias*, or in our own country the Sundew, Butterwort, and probably *Arum*, which have devised various means of capturing and absorbing unfortunate insects. A less equivocal proceeding is that of an East Indian Epiphyte—or "air-plant"¹—which has converted its leaves into natural flower-pots that collect soil brought by ants and the water that drops from the tree to which the plant is attached, and sends down into these its roots to feed on the sustenance thus accumulated.

The Orchid family too, over and above the fantastic forms presented by their blossoms, appear to delight in assuming such a guise as conceals their real character. In some, for instance, the leaves are not developed, and the roots have taken their place, becoming green and flattening themselves out over the bark of the tree whereon they grow, like the fronds of a Liverwort; while, on the other hand a pineapple, the Old Man's Beard of South America, has lost its roots altogether, and hangs loose like a lichen on the branches.

¹ *Dischidia*.

There is thus to be found in vegetable nature the most diversified capacity for development, far beyond all that most ingenious theorists could anticipate. We may rightly say that the things we find actually occurring are too strange not to be true, for they certainly exceed our powers of invention.

Meanwhile, however, the question must recur with ever increasing cogency, since plants are thus obviously ready to adopt such multitudinous and diversified forms, the most degraded equally with the most elevated, how comes it that the progress of evolution has constantly been upwards, towards what we unhesitatingly recognize as "higher" types? For undoubtedly it is these which have been the winners all along the line. The most advanced order of plants—the Angiosperms—have more than any others covered the face of earth, they are almost everywhere dominant, at least on land, and under nearly every condition have secured possession, their representatives being found amid the eternal snows of Alpine heights, and in African and American deserts unvisited by rain, while they range in stature from the minute duckweeds, already mentioned, to Eucalyptus trees more than a hundred yards high.

The problem becomes still more puzzling when it is remembered that this highly-developed and widely dominant class—and in particular the Dicotyledons which are the highest of all—are comparatively speaking quite a recent development, and, so far as the geological record shows, seem to have appeared so suddenly as to make it extremely difficult to determine from what other group of plants they were derived; so much so that at the very end of his life Mr. Darwin himself regarded this as an "abominable mystery." But, whatever may be its solution, it is quite evident that we should by this time have learnt that no progress can be made towards an interpretation of nature except by diligent examination of the evidence however scanty of what she is found to have actually done, and that it is worse than useless to indulge in speculations as to the course which we conceive things must have followed, and give these to the world as "Science."

J. G.

"*The Amazing Emperor*."¹

"You don't go to Hell to light a cigarette."—Proverb.

SOME excuse is necessary, perhaps, for a review which has sprawled into the dimensions of an essay. Intending at first to write but a page, we found ourselves becoming longer and longer, in proportion as the book we were reading became curiouser and curiouser; and, too like, we fear, the ill-advised aunt who chastened our childhood by drawing morals even from *Alice in Wonderland*, we felt ourselves prompted to conclude with a few reflections proper to our purpose.

Indeed, had we not done so, the author would have had his run for nothing. His disappointment were, we fancy, grave, could he not think that his book had proved troublesome to the mild and middle-aged. "Put *that* in your pipe," we can imagine him to say to them, "and smoke it." Or is it to the young he would offer it, as who should administer to the uninitiate a strong cigar, maliciously expectant of results? Alas, we fear that the disappointment must happen, after all. The book is no strong cigar, but a cigarette (though cheap?); and albeit the author would like us to think he has gone a good long way to fetch a light, the slight smell of brimstone comes from nothing worse, it may be, than a sulphur match.

Elagabalus (Heliogabalus) was probably the nickname of Bassianus, a boy proclaimed Roman Emperor in 218 at the age of fourteen. He was afflicted with religious mania, and was a sexual pervert. He tried to impose the worship of the Baal of Emesa upon the Empire, and was assassinated in 222.

Mr. Hay says that he was "a wonderful boy, in whose face was the enigmatic beauty shared by Gods and women . . . he possessed the charm of the dissolute and the wayward, heightened by the divine" (p. 52). He was a "Syrian with wonderful

¹ *The Amazing Emperor Elagabalus*. By J. Stuart Hay. Macmillan and Co. Pp. xxix, 308. 8s. 6d. net. 1911.

eyes and a mystical temperament" (p. 287); his "glorious blue" eyes (p. 231) were also "bold and feminine" (p. 52), and when he danced in a ballet, were "darkened with antimony," his face being "painted in imitation of the courtesans" (p. 262).¹ He entered Rome as a painted priest (p. 100), his cheeks painted, his eye-brows darkened, the very picture of an Egyptian or Assyrian courtesan (p. 110). Mr. Hay knows, too, that during "one long succession of butchery and hecatombs of oxen," while "rivulets of the finest wines . . . together with clouds of incense, served to increase the sense of nausea caused by the smell of the victims," the "wonderful painted boy, in whose eyes" (&c.), led men and women "round and round the countless altars," "through the latest and most approved terpsichorean measures" (p. 279).

The history of this reign is of course from every point of view well worth writing, and the historian is to be congratulated who feels himself able to undertake so difficult a task.

For it will first be his duty to decide upon the exact historical value of the work done by the *Scriptores Historiae Augustae*, to whom we owe most of our very meagre information upon our third century, that enormously important and most inadequately examined period. The *Scriptores* have often been discussed, notably by Mommsen. No one doubts that they need much sifting; are of obviously varied value; can probably never be trusted for details; exaggerate and make mistakes. Mr. Hay tabulates the opinions of critics, which leave, he considers, the critical question of his sources in a "sufficiently nebulous condition to please the majority" (p. 16).

He, however, utilizes them when their data suit his thesis, which is (p. 23) "to throw the burden of all the ordures which have covered this Emperor's name² on to the shoulders of his relatives." Moreover, he limits himself, he says, to a "psychological" criticism of the life of Elagabalus as contained in these histories, and this "must largely rehabilitate the Emperor in our

¹ On that occasion he wore a "robe immaterial as a moonbeam;" but at other times a dalmatic, or a dress woven entirely of gold and "encrusted with gems" (he was always smothered in jewelry), or better still a "frail tunic of clinging purple silk diapered with gold;" the "frail tunic," with its special sleeves and the long gilt boots and enormous tiara which went with it, is twice described in great detail in almost identical phrases, pp. 52, 248; pp. 100, 110, 241, also dwell affectionately on his wardrobe.

² Cf. p. 17, "one vast stream of personal abuse and ordures;" pp. 20, 21, "vituperation;" "vitriolic vehemence."

esteem."¹ It is, however, regrettable, that in spite of his careful introductory chapter, a most impressive bibliography, and some excellent photographs of coins, there is practically no single reference or note throughout the book.

An historian of Elagabalus may also be asked to recognize his duty, and profit by his unique opportunity, of discussing the "Syrianization," as they call it, of the Roman Empire. For this, M. Cumont, for instance, has accumulated much evidence, and on it has written some witty pages in his *Religions Orientales dans l'Empire Romain*. M. J. Réville's *Religion à Rome sous les Sévères* also contains erudite and entertaining chapters on this subject. Political, quite as much as social, literary, and artistic life, was being profoundly affected by Oriental influences; during this very period, jurists from Syria (Ulpian and others) were at work upon, and actually modifying, the peculiarly Roman department of law. How much of this happened during this strange reign? because of it? in spite of it? Did these four years mark advance? stimulus? reaction? The author does not explain.

¹ His motives for rehabilitating Elagabalus at his parents' expense are roughly, that Elagabalus constantly outwitted them; therefore he was no sot. He was loved by the mob; therefore he was lovable. The State did not suffer during his reign; therefore he ruled it wisely. He was never cruel. He was generous, affectionate, and playful; he wept over suffering, yet never avoided seeing it: therefore he was merciful. He is said to have behaved on certain occasions with a sort of frantic recklessness: therefore he was courageous. Many of the crimes of which he was accused must have been done in private; therefore—but really we do not know what Mr. Hay deduces from this, for he considers enough to have been known with certainty to contemporaries, and truthfully transmitted to us, to warrant his calling Elagabalus a "psychosexual hermaphrodite," a "strong homosexual nymphomaniac," and a number of equally revolting names which reduce the boy to the position of a case for medicine books, where he had best be left.—We do not for a moment deny that much good work might be done by examining the political and social influence of Elagabalus' ambitious, unscrupulous, not moral, but certainly clever and distinguished female relatives; by discussing how much real responsibility in State business rested upon the Emperor, and how much on his Ministers; by investigating the conditions, during this reign, of that enormous mass of people who were neither soldiery (who proclaimed, then murdered, the youth); nor mob (who adored the lavish Emperor, then dragged his mutilated corpse round Rome and tossed it (they say) with his mother's into Tiber); nor the "actors, sycophants, loafers, procurers, and strumpets" (p. 191) who formed his inner Court. We have no wish whatever to pass moral judgments on Elagabalus, and are ready to admit that he was diseased in body and mind; not deliberately a monster: and again, that such a one may often be quite cunning, quite audacious, quite fascinating, even, to a number of people. Yet we need not necessarily suppose for that, that his "Life" is one long calumny, and must be rewritten to suit the character we surmise. The evidence which should warrant that must be far more objective and tangible than what Mr. Hay is able to expose.

Of course, the religious problem is, at this period, by far the most important. Of what character was the Roman religious world into which Elagabalus came? what exactly was the character of the god and the cultus that he brought? why exactly was he so eager for an "exclusive" worship, and was he indeed "exclusive"? Mr. Hay does not ignore these questions; but he thinks that they can be quite lightly answered, and his solutions seem to contain elements so incoherent that they can result only from inadequate reflection. He can say much about the Baal's temple at Emesa; but has he really formed a clear notion of the level of cult there? At one moment it totally eclipses the worship of Solomon's religion, and again, "one has only to substitute Jehovah for Baal, and one has a familiar scene." Jehovah, indeed, is "at best a local deity whom no one—save those urged on by tribal necessities—had ever thought it worth while to propitiate, let alone to serve" (pp. 50, 51). Yet surely everybody knows the vogue of Jewish superstition at Rome quite early in the Empire, the penetration of the name of Yahweh into all sorts of magic formulæ, the modification, *e.g.*, of the Sabazius cult by Judaism. Then there is, after all, the collection of sacred books we call the Old Testament: in it are hymns and poems and a religious philosophy evoked by the negligible and neglected "El of the Hebrews" (p. 185) quite unlike anything we find produced by the El of Emesa, "supreme, fecund, potent and glorious," as he was, who "drew all men within his warm, natural, fecund embrace" (p. 50). Which, after all, has conquered, Yahweh, or Elah-Gebal, the black and phallic stone, like "those black stone images popularly venerated in Normandy and other parts of Europe to-day" (p. 50), the god from Syria, home of ritual prostitutions and human sacrifice?¹ Moreover, Mr. Hay has no definite picture of the Rome into which the eastern God came. Rome is by turns "intensely conservative" (p. 248), "Rome the conservative" (p. 100);² "austere" (p. 281); "bored"

¹ Elagabalus may not indeed have offered human sacrifice himself; but Mr. Hay appears to err in supposing it "certain that Rome had caused the cessation of human sacrifices long before the second century amongst all Semitic peoples," p. 280. M. Cumont, *Relig. Orientales*, Paris, 1909, p. 176 and p. 362, *reft.* in n. 42, shows this was not so. Cf. too Lagrange, *Etudes s.l. Relig. Sémitiques*, *ibid.* 1905, p. 445, a book which M. Cumont uses much, while Mr. Hay's bibliography does not mention it.

² It is true that this reflection is put each time into the mind of Maesa, when Elagabalus insists on wearing the frail tunic instead of Roman wool; but the author appears to approve it.

with all gods alike (p. 285); is complaisantly prepared to propitiate them all because it is so easy—the worship of all gods, Jehovah and the rest, was but "gore" (p. 213); and finally, the town frantically welcomes all that is most enervating, most "neurotic," most corrupt (p. 2, etc.). "Her religion, literature, art, philosophy, luxury, and corruption were all from abroad" (p. 108). The only way out, is to suppose that Roman society consisted of definite layers, or categories, each exclusively representing some one of the different phases of religion we read of in different periods of Roman history, and this Mr. Hay does in one place hint, when he speaks of "parties" there. Naturally, too, he talks—as since Boissier, Dill, Cumont, and the rest, everybody must—of the satisfaction given by Oriental cults to the starved spirituality of the West. But of real synthesis, evolution, gauging of influence, and of interpenetration, measuring of diffusion, there is little here, or elsewhere, in his book.

Since he has left to one side, therefore, serious treatment of all the most interesting parts of his material, we may ask why the author wrote this book at all.

Frankly, we believe, because the subject gave him such good opportunities of shocking the ordinary decencies, and the religious feelings of Christians.

He wanted to make our flesh creep. . . .

But after all, anyone can be indecent, though even here success need not depend on that sort of vulgar flippancy which is the first element a master tries to rinse out of the essays of clever, but unformed schoolboys, who still, as we say, "want kicking." This element Mr. Hay possesses to perfection; and it is curious to see it persisting beyond the undergraduate stage, which we presume that he has transcended. Dr. Jowett's icy "Yes. Very bad taste," was a pinprick sufficient to deflate the bounce of most of his unlicked essayists; but we imagine a whole armoury of cold steel would not suffice to cure Mr. Hay of his tendency, shall we say, to bound. Gibbon, we are reminded, sneered. Mr. Hay sneers in slang; which is quite peculiarly disagreeable.¹ Moreover, when he tries to be racy, he

¹ Here we have been very rude; we ought in consequence to offer a little evidence for our belief that this book is simply ill-written. First, Mr. Hay's diction is high-coloured, like Miss Corelli's, but, as will already have been surmised, far less varied. We began to count the repetitions of the word *neurotic*, but gave up. P. vii, religion is "neurotic in itself;" p. 2, "effete neuroticisms" (*effete*, by the way, comes in a good second); p. 40, "neurotic religion;" p. 51, "that effete neuroticism which still trades

succeeds in being rancid. These are qualities which should relieve us from fears that the book may do harm. It would, on its own merits, attract only those whose good opinion is the cruellest of criticisms, and would repel those whose verdict we should value.¹

But Professor Bury has written it an Introduction. Now this is, to our mind, an unforgivable offence. That the honourable house of Macmillan should open to Mr. Hay its dignified doors is astonishing; but that one of our leading historians should prostitute his authority by putting it at the service of a book like this, is deplorable.

But even here there is an explanation. "For inquirers, like Mr. Hay and myself," writes Professor Bury (p. xxvii), "*who hold no brief. . .*" Alas, to what special pleadings is not this *cliché* the unvarying introduction! So in his few short pages, Professor Bury hints that an "otherworldly" religion is the cause of civic decline; deems that in Apollonius of Tyana a "new saviour" was discovered for the "world;" that "circumstances," at which we may guess, "aided the worship of Christ to rise above competing cults" and those "homogeneous" faiths, *e.g.*, of Mithra and Isis. Had the "religion which was founded by Paul of Tarsus" given place to one of these, "we should be to-day very much where we are:"² indeed, the third century

under the name of religion;" p. 103, his "only training was neurotic or religious;" p. 212, "Christian ideas of religion and of morals" are neuroticism; p. 271, "sentimental or neurotic reasons;" p. 273, "superstition and neurotic tendencies;" p. 286, "his neurotic nature and erotic passions." Mr. Hay loves, too, his epigrams. On p. 97 Rome's "atriums dripped, not blood, but metaphysics;" on p. 232 they do exactly the same thing. On p. 76, Elagabalus, poet and madman, wields "a sceptre that could lash the earth, threaten the sky, beckon planets, and ravish the divinity of the divine." Again, Emperors in general, p. 244, have sceptres which "lash both gods and sky." On p. 187, no less than on p. 160, Elagabalus prepares for "splendid suicide;" the peculiarly disgusting reference to Tiberius on p. 160 is repeated at length on p. 240. "Antonine," on p. 153, is charged with a "policy of bovine artfulness." No wonder, since his mother (p. 183) was of an "artfulness" which itself was "bovine;" while the "intelligence" of his cousin Alexander (p. 205) was—well, "bovine." His grandmother is twice, however, unless I am mistaken, described as a "crafty old sinner." *Enfin*, it were wrong to view Elagabalus as a "stampeding unicorn with a taste for *marrons glacés*," or even as a "vampire." He was really a "restless, frivolous, perhaps debased dragon-fly" (p. 201.)

¹ Mr. Hay is surely off his guard when, after using the most scathing language about the prurient obscenity of Lampridius, his main source, he confesses that Elagabalus, in Lampridius, wears a mask that is "alluring" (p. 201), and that "for ages the world has secretly revelled over these records" (p. 228), which indeed only cease being "amusing" because they become, by repetition, "monotonous" (*ibid.*)

² Who does not recognize here an epigram of Renan's, enormously improved by Anatole France in a paradoxical paragraph of his *Mannequin d'Osier*, and recently served *réchauffé* in his *Orpheus*, by Salomon Reinach?

Christians were not "conspicuous as a sect of extraordinary virtue;" there was "nothing in the ethics of their system which had not been independently reached by the reason of Greek and Roman teachers;"¹ the "fable of pagan corruption" is a "calumnious legend," propagated in the interest of "ecclesiastical history," and to-day "a commonplace of pulpit learning." We are not about to discuss these views; but we observe that, compared with "competing" monotheistic, universalist religions, of which Elagabalus' was one, for Mr. Hay and Professor Bury it is "unproven that Christianity was decidedly the best alternative" (pp. xxiii.—xxix.).

This warrants our watching how Mr. Hay follows his leader.

At the outset, we learn that "the menace of official Christianity, with its destruction of literature and philosophy, was at the gates. . . ." (p. 1).² Would, then, the cult of the Emesan Baal have preserved those treasures of civilization? Perhaps; it is "unproven," we remember, which of the "competing cults" might have turned out best. Anyhow, they were all alike "monotheist," though the Syrian monotheism was "exclusive." This is why Rome hated her Emperor's Baal worship. Now here the language becomes so loose that we are compelled to believe that the thought is not coherent. To start with, it is quite inaccurate to say that Mithraism, Isis-worship, and other Eastern cults were monotheistic in the Christian sense. Dill, indeed, and Cumont make the complaisant adaptability of Mithraism the

¹ Here we recognize the rather pompous rationalism of Professor Bury's comments, in his *Greek History*, on Ionian philosophy *versus* Orphism.

² This author is fond of philosophy, if not of literature. He can see that though the lives of *e.g.*, Nero, Domitian, Elagabalus, are all "horrible, yet analyze the horrible and you find the sublime. The valleys have their imbeciles, from the mountains poets and madmen come. Elagabalus was both" (p. 76). And, p. 225, "There is goodness everywhere, often the basis of evil is in that virtue; certainly much madness may be traced to it." Mr. Hay dislikes his moral-drawing authorities; yet his own comparisons of the third century to ours are constant: "like many moderns, Elagabalus made depravity a pursuit" (p. 227); his book is not a "compromise with the proprieties which are, in the modern world, little else save a compromise with either our neighbours or the police" (p. 202). Greece and Rome used scents; "but patchouli, thank heaven! has gone even from Piccadilly" (p. 258). Elagabalus' "bluish-green" fish-sauce made the fish "look alive and natural, utterly unlike the ragged ugliness which is now presented for our consumption" (p. 259). He finds that "Cassius Dio" has "an annoying habit of mistaking sententious platitudes for speculative philosophy" (p. 7). Yet himself he will write: "Since the world began, no one has been wholly wicked, no one wholly good" (p. 229); and, "The origin of religion is a much-disputed point" (p. 269). This oracle leads up to the rhythmical reflection: "The mind of man is not his only function." *O medice!*

most essential of all the elements which differentiate it from the ruthlessly intolerant Christian system. Yet throughout Mr. Hay assimilates the monotheism of these and other religions.¹ Because Eastern worships met so passionate a welcome in the West, he will write, "Monotheism was continually gaining ground" (p. 281); "every religion of the West was [so] orientalized," that, when the few surviving "rational, thinking men" died, "exclusive monotheism came, carrying before it, like a flood, the greatness of the former world" (p. 273). If this be so, no wonder that "into this world" the monotheistic Elagabalus "entered proudly, his mind attuned to the whole surroundings" (p. 106). How puzzling is it, then, to hear that "his religion did not attract, because it was *contrary to the whole spirit of the time; no one demanded a monotheistic creed*" (p. 276). Rome, though austere conservative, and also "bored" with all gods alike, appears to be (at least Mr. Hay offers this more frequently than any other opinion) "comprehensively, sceptically polytheist" (p. 96); is "permeated by polytheistic atheism" (p. 233); is still (on p. 272) "comprehensively, sceptically polytheist." Her religion may be described as "natural" religion,² with "comprehensiveness" for its essential element. Elagabalus taught, we are there told, "dogmatic truth," with "absolute exclusiveness" as its necessary characteristic. Thus, however, to differentiate Elagabalus' monotheism, which he gets from his sources at least ostensibly, Mr. Hay is obliged to reject all that those same sources tell us of the Emperor's *inclusiveness*, or at least to explain it away. Monolatry, at the very utmost, is all that can be predicated of an Emperor who is willing to be a priest of Cybele (p. 117); to "unite all mysteries with his own"—indeed, he actually marries a Vestal Virgin, that the Eastern and Western religions may engender a god partaking of the characteristics of both (pp. 114, 129); to be circumcised; even, some said, to be baptized—whatever be the truth, or reason, of this. Anyhow, on pp. 118, 119, Mr. Hay is carried, by the force of evidence, into speaking of the Emperor's "comprehensive cult,"

¹ "The *similarly* monotheistic cult of Mithra" (p. 268); "many *similarly* monotheistic Eastern cults, notably those of Mithra and Isis" (p. 96); "Mithraism [and] the *similarly* monotheistic ideal of . . . the monk" (*ibid.*); "Semitic monotheism . . . the *kindred* mysteries of Mithra and the spiritual chicanery of Isis" (p. 2); "fantastic Eastern monotheism" (p. 233), &c.

² Though on p. 212, "it was, in the third century, what it always had been, purely political."

his efforts to "amalgamate" other worships with his own; and so, whether this comprehensively exclusive religion were or were not "similar" to Mithraic or other Semitic monotheisms, it certainly was quite dissimilar to the Christian faith, of which (p. 118) Mr. Hay underlines, in a strong paragraph, the complete exclusiveness. Our confusion is complete when towards the end of the book, Christianity appears (p. 286) to have become "tritheist;" had Elagabalus only "seen ahead," full as he was of the "conviction that in him resided the fulness of the godhead bodily" (p. 98), that he was the "earthly emanation of God," he might not indeed have become "a fourth part of the ineffable Trinity," but would certainly have been "worshipped throughout the length and breadth of Christendom" as "St. Antoninus, Athleta Christi" (p. 98). Isis was, indeed, "giving way to Mary, apotheosis to canonization" (p. 281), and this is how the people who "clung piously to a faith which had a theological justification for every sin, turned with equal avidity to the Mithraic, Egyptian, and even to the Nazarene religion . . . as long as they were all the same thing under a different name; the religion of the Empire with local or foreign mysteries thrown in" (p. 214). The argument, therefore, is: there were *two* monotheisms, an exclusive one, Elagabalus'—and sometimes, it appears, Christianity—and an inclusive one, the Mithraist, Isiac, and sometimes equally, it appears, the Christian. Rome rejected the Elagabalian and the Christian; yet again people were willing enough to take on Christianity once it is clearly "tritheist," or better still, polytheist, once, that is, it is no more than the old paganism under a new name. But henotheism, monolatry, monotheism, syncretism, pantheism, are all very different things; and Mr. Hay, if we may dare to say so, seems to have confused them all.

Mr. Hay has a fair acquaintance with Biblical language,¹ but finds that in Paul's letters "verbosity apes philosophical

¹ He makes an objectionable use of it. Lampridius would have us think of Alexander "that there was at least one person in the world who did not deceive himself when he said that he was without sin, and was therefore ready to cast the first stone" (p. 148). The Emperor's family grew "in wisdom, stature, and prosperity, and, as far as we know, in favour with God and man" (p. 40); "The Emperor sought his cousin's life to take it from him" (p. 162); "Maesa saw more possibilities in living than in assaying that better part which can never be taken from man" (p. 46) [whatever this may mean]. The Anglican prayer-book gets its sneer (p. 251), and the "nonconformist conscience" also (p. 149).

phraseology" (p. 204); the "system" of that "ecstatic visionary," however, was destined to help "those doctrines of the universal socialistic brotherhood which had emanated from Nazareth" (and which "despite pulpit learning"¹ did not attract Rome) to "capture the freedom of the earlier intellectual religions, as soon as the world's hoary wisdom, having lost its virility, was involved in the dotage of an unreasoning antiquity" (p. 272).² Christianity, indeed, was confined at Rome, during this reign (*i.e.* about 220!) "to washerwomen or to people of their mental calibre" (p. 96). Its Jewish past, of course, had been bad enough.³ Its early days, we have seen, were contemptible, though Mr. Hay affects to speak of the "year of our Lord," the "year of our salvation." Its destiny is as mean, though "even to-day we know something about the odour of sanctity and occasionally inhale its delights by stealth" (p. 257). But Catholics get their kicks: the Baal goes forth in procession; at "Corpus Domini" to-day we still may see "precisely the same thing" (p. 176); in any manual of prayers the heading "Brown Scapular" or "St. Simon Stock" shows that the Emperor's use of amulets as "tickets to heaven" is not yet abandoned (p. 182).

¹ Cf. the Preface, quoted above. Which was written first? So too Mr. Hay will write (p. 31) of "Apollonius . . . whose life and miracles are supposed to form so large a part of the traditional life of Jesus as it exists to-day." Mr. Hay speaks, indeed, of the "additions" to the Gospels, and appears to find them "nonsense" (p. 12); but not even those very few scholars who "suppose" that anything at all found its way from Apollonius' story into Christ's, imagine for a moment that it formed a "part" of any bulk or importance. But as Mr. Hay appears (p. 31) to admire Philostratus, who wrote on Apollonius, we can only assume he is mistaken as to the contents, as he certainly is as to the character, of that banal and pretentious *Life*.

² Incidentally, who can have written Mr. Hay's Index? We there read, "Christ, Pauline theories concerning, 19," and turn to that page, hoping for some Christology. What we find is, "Church historians . . . were so busy inventing the difficulty of the diphthong and developing Pauline theories on the doctrine and position of Christ, that they had but little time," &c. Not another word about Paul or Christ. Mr. Hay plays up to his Preface; his Index-maker plays up to Mr. Hay.

³ David is Mr. Hay's great bugbear (pp. 48, 115). The *résumé* of c. ix. gives: "Elagabalus has strong homosexual nymphomania: . . . *Biblical parallels* (p. xx). We look for these to p. 234, and find, "David and Jonathan, Herakles and Hylas, Apollo and Hyacinth." Let us hope Mr. Hay supposes these "parallels" are all equally in the Bible. Then we, on our part, can manage to suppose he has never read the story of David and Jonathan. However, p. 70, we find, "Deborah and her leman Barak." Alas, what has poor Lampridius done, that Mr. Hay accuses him so often of "pruriency"? Mr. Hay writes too of the "soporific nastiness of Solomon's beloved" (p. 256): he imitates her, at least in part; if he has not sent us to sleep, he has most certainly succeeded in being very "nasty."

Leo X. makes sin a "taxable luxury" (p. 201); Clement VII. says to Henry VIII., who wanted a divorce, "Pray please yourself by all means, but don't let me know" (p. 131); of course the Jesuits are jeered at (p. 38); and, in spite of a whole page to prove that nuns and Vestals are in two totally different orders of thought, ideal, and behaviour (p. 212), Vestals are throughout called nuns, and their house a nunnery (pp. 132, 182, 211, 225). These are trivialities, of course. Mr. Hay only does it because he knows it teases, or at least because he hopes it does. The fact remains, that when the "emaciated Christ" substitutes Himself for the phallic Syrian worship, for Professor Bury it remains "unproven" whether that was an improvement; Mr. Hay is at pains to let us know that the "world has grown grey from His breath."

We have not written this from any love of the sterile labour of criticism; still less, because we deny to any man freedom to think his own thoughts and to express them conscientiously. Still, we feel that though Mr. Hay has brought to the surface many interesting facts, reunited scattered material, exercised some discrimination, and really done worthy work (mainly upon side-topics) in this neglected period, yet he has so ridiculously exaggerated the dull stuff he finds in Lampridius' tiny *Life*, has romanced so wildly, embroidered so lavishly, that he would have done better just to write a pathological novel, based upon Lampridius, even though des Esseintes, in Huysmans' novel, *À Rebours*, has already occupied that ground. Since he has chosen history, however, for that part of his enterprise we can but pray prosperity, convinced that it will gain not a little as his thought grows clearer, his judgment more stable, his imagination controlled, and his language decent. But there are other conclusions which we should wish realized by Catholic readers—if not of his book (for may they not be many!), at least of this paper. Of them the chief is that the history of religions, and of adolescent Christianity in particular, holds in itself grave problems, whose roots strike deep as the foundations of religion in man's soul, and whose branches reach high as the sublimest dogmas of our faith and their origin in God. It is deplorable that historical problems should have to be treated as stuff for attack and for defence: as a matter of mere fact, they *are* being dealt with by men well armed and anxious to attack us, enthusiastic, and backed by high authority. They are to be

found in the Universities, in the club-room, in the slums. The alternatives for us are simple: inertia, and defeat; or else, that "unconscionable hard work" which alone can make us adequately learn our history; and again, "unconscionable hard work," if we are to write it properly; and finally, the wit and will, the courage and tact to preach it and drive home its truth.

W. BLAKE JENNINGS.

Fra Lippo Lippi's Portrait.

People who write about the Fine Arts seem to have a kind of curse on them, for they have all made, and continue to make, incredible blunders; I do but need to instance myself who have erred in things which I knew as well as I know my own name.

(Bottari.)

OLD Monsignor Bottari, obsolete and well-nigh forgotten to-day, is true enough and up-to-date, however, in this one saying of his that the errors of writers on art,—so grave are they, so persistent, so numerous, so disastrous, so droll,—do really seem to suggest something in the nature of a living and very effective curse. In one particular form,—that of the complacent repetition, without reflection, without examination or exposition, of an error once set going, the curse is even to-day particularly vital. I propose in this brief paper to give a characteristic illustration of the kind. The error has led to a droll libel on the features, and to some extent on the character, of one of the greatest of painters, and has deprived a venerable ecclesiastic and art patron of the glory which the painter, out of gratitude, had done his best to blazon to posterity.

In the Accademia delle Belle Arti at Florence is a world-famed Coronation of the Blessed Virgin by Fra Lippo Lippi (1406[?]-1469), the first of the great characteristically Quattrocento altar-pieces. I do not need to describe it; to adopt the wooden formularies, "above," "below," "on the right," "on the left;" it is sufficient that I merely reproduce it. But I would call the particular attention of the reader to the little figure of an ecclesiastic, kneeling in an attitude of prayer on the Epistle side of the altar-piece. An approving angel stands in front of him holding a scroll with the words: *Is Perfecit Opus*. Every single writer who has treated of this picture, ecclesiastic, archæologist, art-historian, poet and catalogue-compiler, has declared, without argument, and in the teeth of all the probabilities, that this figure is a portrait of Lippo Lippi himself. The "primal eldest curse," so far as I know, seems to



THE CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN

Fra Filippo Lippi



FRA FILIPPO LIPPI



ST. THEOPISTA



THE VERY REV.
FRANCESCO MARINGHI

rest upon Doctor Giovanni Cinelli¹—who often enough in life cursed his ill-luck; Baldinucci² (ob. 1697) followed hard after, and then comes that same candid Mgr. Bottari³ who has so frankly acknowledged his fallen condition. The malediction continued to be poured out upon a long succession of writers, some of them famous, all of them learned, Richa,⁴ Burckhardt,⁵ the editors of Bryan's *Dictionary of Painters*,⁶ Crowe and Cavalcaselle,⁷ Milanesi⁸ (and before him all the editors of Vasari), Browning,⁹ Selwyn Brinton,¹⁰ the *Accademia Catalogue*,¹¹ and lastly, the latest and fullest biographer of Lippi, Mr. Edward Strutt.¹²

It is difficult to understand how Bottari, an ecclesiastic, can have adopted such an unlikely fable. The picture was ordered by a Canon of San Lorenzo, the Very Rev. Francesco Maringhi, for the high altar of the church attached to the Benedictine nunnery of Sant' Ambrogio, at which altar the Canon had founded and endowed a chaplaincy, and of which church he was the *Priore*. The picture was presumably completed in 1441. A later vandal *Priore*, desirous of setting up a tabernacle on the high altar, had the beautiful picture removed to the obscurity of the sacristy. There Mgr. Bottari saw it, and he has left on record in his notes to Borghini's *Riposo* that the picture was signed "Frater Filippus," and that the frame bore the inscription, *Ab hujus ecclesiae priore Francisco Maringhio an. MCCCCXLI facta, et a monialibus ornata fuit an. MDLXXXV*. We have thus by interrogating, as it were, the altar, arrived at the certain conclusion that the founder of the benefice and "donor" (to adopt for once the meaningless phrase) of the picture, was a secular priest, a Canon of San Lorenzo, and his portrait, if any, we should expect to find, according to custom, on one side or other of the altar-piece. And so we

¹ In his edition (1677) of Bocchi's *Bellezze di Firenze*.

² *Notizie dei Professori del Disegno*. Ed. 1768. Vol. i. p. 557.

³ In his notes to the 1730 edition of Borghini's *Il Riposo*.

⁴ *Notizie Storiche delle Chiese Fiorentine*, 1745, ii. p. 241.

⁵ *The Cicerone*. Edited by P. G. Konody, 1909, p. 63.

⁶ Edition of 1902, vol. ii. p. 62.

⁷ Edition of 1864, vol. ii. pp. 326, 327.

⁸ In his edition of Vasari, vol. ii. p. 615 (note).

⁹ *Men and Women*: "Fra Lippo Lippi."

¹⁰ *The Renaissance in Italian Art* (1898). Part I. p. 59.

¹¹ Sixth Edition, no. 62, p. 27. The dimensions of the altar-piece are 6 ft. 3 in. high by 9 ft. wide.

¹² *Fra Lippo Lippi*. George Bell and Sons, 1901, p. 104.

do, sure enough, for the kneeling figure in the usual position and customary attitude of a founder can be no other than the Very Rev. Francesco Maringhi. Crowe and Cavalcaselle say that in this figure "we have material proof that the painter still bore in 1441 the distinctive marks of a Carmelite Friar," and the editors of Bryan see in him "the robes (*sic*) and marks of his Order." But there is not a single mark of a Carmelite in this figure, save only the tonsure of monastic size and shape which was common to both the regular and secular clergy in the Middle Ages. Where is the white *cappa* and white *capuce*, where the brown scapular, that so unerringly mark the sons of Mount Carmel? This little figure, on the contrary, is dressed in the cassock of a secular priest of that time, and I can plainly discern the peculiar shape of white collar—so unlike the modern Roman—which has survived to this day among some of the Clerks Regular (*e.g.*, the Barnabites). True, artists sometimes put portraits of themselves in the pictures which they painted, but usually in the subordinate position of an onlooker in a crowd, never certainly apeing the attitude and occupying the place of the founder, which would have been both impolitic and absurd, apart from the fact that it would never have been allowed. Benozzo Gozzoli might just as reasonably have attempted to paint himself as one of the Three Kings in the Medici Palace chapel, and not, as he has done, as an admiring onlooker.

The mischief has arisen solely from considering the picture as a thing in itself without reference to the altar for which it was painted. As well try to arrive at a conclusion with the help only of the minor proposition of a syllogism. When Bottari saw it, it was already shrouded away in the sacristy, lost for ever to all pious uses. Here was a picture before him with a scroll most obviously referring to one figure in it, and *is* does mean "he," and *perficere* can mean "to do," and *opus* may mean "picture." But if he, an ecclesiastic, had seen altar and altar-piece conjoined together, it would surely have occurred to him, in the light of the inscription which he copied, that IS PERFECIT OPUS could only relate to the founder and the foundation: *is*, "this is the man," *perfecit*, "who caused to be done," *opus*, "the structure and whole foundation"—benefice, altar, altar-furniture, and altar-piece. The very use of *perfecit*, and not *fecit*, should have served as a warning to both ecclesiastics and art-critics. When did a painter ever use *perficere* of

his share in such a work? Had Lippo Lippi been here referring to himself, he would assuredly have written: *Is fecit hoc opus*. I should have more reason if I were, in contradiction to Mgr. Bottari and his numerous followers, to start the theory that Lippi was not the painter of this picture at all, but a certain Canon Francesco Maringhi, for I could point to the conclusive written evidence in the frame below the picture: *ab hujus ecclesiae priore facta!*

This singularly droll *bêtise* has led to some very curious conclusions. For instance, it has caused more than one among the learned to mistake a plain black cassock for a brown and white Religious habit—the long-standing curse seems to extend even to the visual faculties. Burckhardt, our serviceable cicerone in many an art-gallery, a great authority on the Renaissance, is so far bewitched by the force of this persistent error as to say that the Sant' Ambrogio Coronation is a late picture because Lippi has inserted in it his portrait "as an old man." He can at least see aright: the portrait is that of an old or elderly man; but the picture is "early," and not late, painted when Lippi was not more than thirty-five. Mr. Strutt's *Life of Lippo Lippi* is so useful a contribution to the history of Quattrocento art, the work has been done with so much love and thoroughness, that it goes against the grain to criticize it in any way. But a word concerning some of his conclusions must be said for the sake of vindicating the memory of the man who ordered, paid for, and bequeathed to future generations the great artistic treat and religious lesson of the Sant' Ambrogio altar-piece. Mr. Strutt admits his surprise at finding the figure "considerably older-looking" than a man of thirty-five, but surprise has generated no doubt in him. "The features, inherited from his butcher ancestors," he goes on to say, "are coarse and vulgar, and the thick sensual lips bespeak a passionate, pleasure-loving temperament." Later on (p. 144) he refers again to "the coarse, sensual type of the kneeling monk in the Sant' Ambrogio altar-piece." I believe I should have read all this, and more, into the face, had I believed it to be Fra Filippo, but knowing it to be the Very Rev. Francesco Maringhi, Canon of San Lorenzo and Prior of Sant' Ambrogio, I see in it merely a rather kindly temperament, a rather commonplace outlook on the spiritual life, a tendency to ceremonial fussiness, very distinct integrity, and—another saving feature—a very genuine humility. Though under the worst of spells, the spell of a deep-seated, high-

sanctioned error, Mr. Strutt is too observant not to be uncomfortable under the judgments which he has had to deliver spell-bound. He proceeds to tone down the monster of sensuality whom he has beheld in the supposed portrait. "But," he goes on to say, "the earnest, good-natured expression of the monk,—as with hands joined in prayer he gazes humbly yet hopefully towards the Dispenser of all happiness, like a beggar patiently waiting for a scrap from this feast of love and joy and splendour—appeals irresistibly to our human sympathies, and we feel that the 'glad monk' could not after all have been such a desperately bad man." True enough: the portrait of the Very Rev. Francis Maringhi does appeal irresistibly to our human sympathies; we are glad to know and greet him after these centuries of oblivion, and there is something in the face and little figure, in spite of insignificance and commonplace characteristics, a something kind that could with difficulty say "no," a tenacious clinging to straight dealing, a resolute following of the Light that for him burnt none too brightly (but *integerrimus, religiosissimus* he is called upon his tomb) that make us instinctively feel that he is by no means out of place in the paraisaical choir of angels and saints in which Fra Lippo Lippi has portrayed him, and to which we will hope that it has pleased Almighty God to call him.

There is but one portrait of Lippi that can with certainty be regarded as in any way genuine,—the marble bust in full Carmelite habit erected over his monument in the Cathedral of Spoleto. True, it was not executed until seventeen years after his death, but the work was supervised by his son Filippino, and we may be sure that a fairly accurate resemblance would be arrived at. I here reproduce it.¹ What a fascinating face it is! And how totally different a type from the supposed portrait in the Sant' Ambrogio Coronation. Mr. Strutt is justly astounded to think that what he calls the "coarse-featured, decidedly obese, most unsentimental-looking personage" in the Coronation should have been able, some fifteen years after that picture was painted, to fascinate completely a young and beautiful professed nun, and cause her to be unfaithful to her solemn obligations. But looking at the Spoleto bust we see at once that we are in the presence of a man with whom youth was perennial, whose ready wit, and charm, and genius would fascinate anybody at any age. And I would also fain read into

¹ See Plate.

that open, ardent, radiant countenance, that if the lowest depths were often touched, the greatest heights were more dearly loved, that remorse and repentance were by no means unknown to him, and that he had experienced more than once the change of heart and life which would go so naturally with the exquisite purity of his Madonnas and the lofty spirituality of his angels and his saints.

I have no space to discuss here the not very interesting question whether Lippo painted himself in the Prato obsequies of St. Stephen or the Spoleto *Transitus* of the Madonna.¹ I would here rather devote a few more paragraphs to some other and not wholly uninteresting aspects of the lovely Sant' Ambrogio Coronation. And since nothing, in the matter of pictures, is so stimulating and illuminating as negative knowledge, I would ask leave to set down what I do not know about this picture. But first of all, so as to bring out this nescience the more clearly, I will state what I do know.

I do know that the picture was painted by Fra Filippo Lippi for the high altar of the Church of Sant' Ambrogio in Florence; that it was commissioned by the Very Rev. Francesco Maringhi, Priore of that church; that it contains, as might be expected, his portrait; that the picture was done in 1441;² that the painter received 1,200 livres for his work—worth about £600 of modern money; I know that the majestic figure of a Bishop in the place of honour on the Gospel side is St. Ambrose, the titular Saint; that the imposing figure on the Epistle side is St. John Baptist, protector of the Republic; of the great central group, I know that the gracious King on the Gospel side is Holy Job,—no need was there to label him; that next him kneels St. Martin of Tours,—he likewise bears his name below the right shoulder; beside him is St. Mary Magdalen ecstatically pressing her vase of ointment to her bosom; next follows St. Laurence, whose attribute of a gridiron is plainly visible behind him—he may be here because the founder was a Canon of San Lorenzo; the noble central figure is St. Eustace, as witness the legend on his girdle; beside him kneel two of the sweetest children, and then

¹ Had I been tempted to see Fra Lippo Lippi in the Sant' Ambrogio altar-piece, it would have been in that handsome Carmelite Saint in the upper row on the Gospel side.

² Done, or only begun? Maringhi's will, in which he provides for the foundation, is dated July 28, 1441, and he died on the 15th August following. Of course the commission might have been given before the will was made, but one thing is certain, that Lippi was not paid out of the estate till June, 1447 (see Baldinucci).

comes the loveliest lady of them all. On her sleeve is embroidered a name unknown on land or sea, *Tempisten*; but the near neighbourhood of St. Eustace, the presence of the two children between them, show that she is the warrior-saint's most faithful spouse, St. Theopista, while the children can only be their two little martyr sons, SS. Theopistus and Agapitus.¹

Thus much I know, but I do not know who the two Cistercian Saints are below St. Ambrose; in the choirs on both the Epistle and Gospel sides there are Saints among the angels—I cannot with certainty identify a single one of them. Between St. Eustace and St. Theopista are two virgin Saints. Lippo has not thought fit, has not thought it necessary, most likely, to give us any clue to their identity, and although all Florence of that day may have known their names, I have no sort of idea who they represent. There is always a reason why one Saint is in an altar-piece rather than another. With the exception of St. Ambrose, St. John Baptist, and perhaps St. Laurence, I do not know why a single one of these Saints has been introduced into this picture. This is to confess the most fatal kind of ignorance, for an altar-piece is but half alive to us if we only know who the Saints in it are, and not why they have been introduced. Alas! that knowledge of the kind is almost wholly wanting in books about pictures and in art-gallery catalogues. After some years of study I can still only fully describe one solitary altar-piece, and it needed a bound volume to do that.² Yet knowledge of the kind is not wholly irrecoverable. By deep delving in notarial archives and family records, by minute researches in local history, both diocesan and civil, by the study of local miracles and local shrines, of individual monasteries and churches, of confraternities and charitable foundations, much might be done to bring essential elementary information such as this to light. If ever research deserved endowment it is in this vitally important direction.

But I have wandered away from the things I do not know in Lippi's altar-piece. Above all things I have no notion of the significance of that marvellous mystic scroll encircled and enwound about the Figure of the Eternal Father, and reverently,

¹ See their story in an easily procurable book, Dent's edition of the *Golden Legend* (Temple Classics) vol. vi. pp. 83—93. As regards the name *Tempisten*, it is only another example of Lippi's frequent mistakes in spelling.

² *Francia's Masterpiece*. An Essay in the Beginnings of the Immaculate Conception in Art. London: Kegan Paul, 1909.

with ritual action, held up on either side by two privileged Angels. There is nothing about this merely decorative, no thought taken for effect's sake; some great idea, carefully conceived and beautifully painted, is intended to be conveyed, and the artist no doubt thought the meaning would remain for ever as clear to posterity as it was to him, to the Nuns of Sant' Ambrogio, to the pious founder of the high altar, and to his numerous chaplains. No doubt about it, we are here in the presence of something stupendous, of a divine secret, of a mystic manifestation of the Word, and yet not a single writer on the picture has been moved to the expression of any wonder at the recondite marvel. Just take a lens to the scroll for a moment. It is full throughout of a curious lettering. These letters look like nothing so much as Cufic characters, but Cufic they certainly are not. If intended to be a conventional representation of the borders referred to in the Gospel,¹ why give the letters a Cufic and not a pseudo-Hebraic character? The borders of dresses and mantles in the pictures of the *tre-*, *quattro-* and *cinquecento* are full of these characters, and the one thing I have got by examining them is, on occasions, hidden away in the Cufic intricacy, some simple Latin or plain Italian, in the shape of invocations, praises, or the names of saints.² I know of but one reference to the subject in print, in the Sixth Lecture of the *Ariadne Florentina*. Ruskin there says that a young painter, working with him (Mr. Fairfax Murray), "who already knows the minor secrets of Italian Art better than I, assures me that they are letters, and letters of a language hitherto undeciphered."

But a truce to reflections so disjointed and inconclusive. To sum up. By applying the common-sense principle of seeing what an altar has to say about its altar-piece, the founder's counterfeit presentment has in this case come to light. Lippi can no longer be accused of being old before his time, nor can his good or evil qualities ever again be inferred from another and a very different face. In setting down the little I know about this picture, the great deal I do not know, I hope to stimulate interest in the momentous question of the full signifi-

¹ Matth. xxiii. 5.

² I recently discovered in a *quattrocento* picture in the Leghorn Museum, indicated by the first three letters of most of the words, the first nine lines of the last Canto of the *Paradiso* worked into the embroidered border of a curtain, drawn aside to show the Virgin in adoration: "Vergine Madre, figlia del tuo Figlio," &c.

cance of pictures. The long laborious task of attributions, thanks to the untiring labours of Morelli and Mr. Berenson, is nearly finished: the time has come for scholars and critics to set about, with the patience of ancient days, the colossal work of research that shall make every known altar-piece as clear and luminous in its significance to us distracted moderns, as it was to the pious founder who commissioned it, or his devout contemporaries who worshipped before it in the palpitating ages of an Universal Faith.

MONTGOMERY CARMICHAEL.

*Literature and Lying.*¹

MAN, as we have seen, is hampered in his search for truth and in his expression of it by the imperfection of his faculties. Those, moreover, who have accepted the central negation of the "Reformation"—the denial of a divine, infallible, teaching Church—are further handicapped by this fundamental misconception of a fact which enters, directly or indirectly, into almost every phase of human life and every department of literature. England, having adopted the standpoint of the "Reformation" just when her literature was springing into flower, naturally exhibits in that literature every variety of anti-Catholic error: so far as English "classics" are consciously Protestant—and a very large proportion of them are—they are vitiated by ignorance and falsehood: they are untrustworthy on the spiritual plane; they may hold the mirror up to Nature, but they cannot to the Supernatural. In proceeding to illustrate this fact, I have excluded, as manifestly misleading, such polemical writings as Milton's Puritan tractates, parts of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, Foxe's legendary *Acts and Monuments*, and the like. Religion and the Church, moreover, enter so largely into English (and all other) history that writers who (like most of the classic historians of England), ignore or deny her essential constitution, are necessarily untrustworthy in their estimates of her action. I have already mentioned the bitter Protestantism of Froude; there is need of no more than mention of the rationalist Hume, of Gibbon with his "solemn sneer," of Greene, fascinated by the glamour of the Elizabethan age, of Stubbs, an Anglican clergyman, of Freeman, who believed in the "Continuity-Theory," of Macaulay, imbued with all the Whig's distaste for supernatural claims, of Lecky, an Irish Protestant. These men, however intellectually honest, did not as a matter of fact *know* the truth in regard to Catholicism, and so could not communicate it. And thus it happens that Lingard alone, amongst English historians who have a claim to

¹ Continued from THE MONTH, May.

be read as literature, can be considered free from an initial disability to pronounce aright upon the ecclesiastical questions that beset his subject. To study such questions by means of the rest is like scanning a landscape through an ill-ground lens.

There is little need to delay over philosophical literature in England. The chief names,—Hobbes, Locke, Hume, Mill, Martineau, Spencer,—stand for systems wholly divorced from Christianity. Orthodox Protestant writers on the subject are generally eclectics, and show little concern, even where it is possible, to harmonize their theories with Christian revelation. Outside Newman's *Grammar of Assent* we have hardly any philosophical classic which is Catholic as well, although we have orthodox writers not a few, such as Harper and W. G. Ward, whose works cannot be ignored by the student.

Passing now to the writings of moralists like Ruskin, and critics like M. Arnold, one is met with the same difficulty as one finds in the historians. These latter deny the providential functions of the Church, whilst the former refuse her ethical guidance. The moralist necessarily deals with ethics,—the laws of conduct—and incidentally with the convictions from which conduct springs, and, as for the critics, unless they confine themselves to the mere technicalities of art and literature, they almost inevitably stray into the same domain. Accordingly, if their own moral standard is not sound, embodying, that is, the true relations between God and man and between man and his fellows taught by our Lord, they lack the right means of judgment. And unless they are convinced Catholics there is little practical chance of their moral code being altogether sound. For though natural reason can detect, theoretically, the natural law, there is much, both within and without the individual, to impede its vision. And although Protestantism in its regard for the Bible has free access to the written tradition of the Christian religion, it constantly goes astray in applying that tradition to the facts of life. There is hardly any damned error, even in the sphere of action, but some sober brow will bless it and approve it with a text. Only the Catholic, who does not depend for his moral judgments on his subjective impressions, but upon the Church's divinely-authorized interpretation of revelation, possesses a clear and permanent standard of reference.

I am speaking here of literature, properly so called, but it may be useful to note in passing that the whole business of

reviewing which occupies so much space in our daily and periodical press, whether it concerns the acts or utterances of men, lies open to the same reproach. The judgments pronounced on the moral worth of anything, and most things have a moral aspect, are themselves of little worth unless the tests applied are right, and, without the knowledge of the whole truth which we acquire by God's revelation, the chances are that right tests are not applied. If, as Milton insisted,¹ the "scanning of error" is necessary for the "confirmation of truth," we Catholics have unrivalled opportunities, in the press of this non-Catholic land, of strengthening our grasp of right principles, provided, that is, we have hold of them in the first instance.

The classical English essayists,—to resume—moralists, and critics—Addison, Swift, Lamb, Hazlitt, De Quincey, Emerson, Lowell, Ruskin, Carlyle, Jefferies, Stevenson, Symonds, Arnold, and the rest—non-Catholics to a man—contribute, amongst much that is pure and noble and valuable, their own not inconsiderable share to the great river of falsehood in literature. The critics often have to be criticized and the moralists tested before truth can be sifted from error in their writings. I may quote one or two illustrations of this fact. Some people hold that Ruskin was rather a teacher of ethics than an art-critic: there is no doubt that he took an ethical view of nearly every subject. Now, at the outset of his career Ruskin was still under the influence of his parents' bitter and narrow Evangelicalism: he quotes with approval, I think in *The Stones of Venice*, a long anti-Popery tirade which his father wrote in 1839, ending with the words "the Roman religion is totally incompatible with the British Constitution," and his own earlier writings are stained here and there with virulent anti-Catholicism. But he himself, unlike many other lesser minds, has had the courage to recognize and correct his mistakes. When he knew Catholicism better, he purged his books as far as he could of their bigotry. In a letter to Miss Sophie Beever, written from Venice in 1877, he says:² "I am writing such a Catholic history of Venice and chiselling all the Protestantism off the old 'Stones,' as they do here the grass off steps." The same process was subsequently applied to *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, in the Preface to the 1880 edition of which we read that the work is "given again in the old form: all but some pieces

¹ *Areopagitica*, p. 46, Arber's reprint.

² *Hortus Inclusus* under date.

of rabid and utterly false Protestantism, which are cut out from text and appendix alike." And again in a note in the body of the work: "Thirteen lines of vulgar attack on Roman Catholicism are here—with much gain to the chapter's grace and purification of its truth—omitted."¹

As for Matthew Arnold, his rationalistic standpoint, although a revolt from the travesty of Christianity which he detected in the only form known to him, vitiates all the didactic efforts he made to found a better religion. He aimed at communicating "sweetness and light," but, however it was with sweetness, his light emphatically was darkness, and only led away from truth. Once more, Carlyle, hailed as seer and prophet by a purblind age, rejects Christianity and preaches a vague subjective gospel of his own.

This great and noble spirit did not know Christ. . . . He sank to the level of a heathen Stoic; nay, he went back to the disposition of fear which lacks the Stoic rectitude and calm. His law was that of Sinai, not of the Mount of Beatitudes. . . . In his Bible, there was no New Testament.²

In imaginative literature we fare somewhat better. The great novelists, indeed,—Fielding, Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, Meredith, Hardy—are none of them Catholic, and the ideals of the three last are definitely un-Christian, but Scott did much to recall pre-Protestant days, and neither Thackeray³ nor Dickens can be called bigoted. On the other division of imaginative writers, the poets, I may dwell a little longer, for herein sound criteria of truth are most called for.

Poets are professedly teachers: they exist to make known to the multitude what the latter cannot see. They claim a deeper and clearer insight into the hidden nature and meaning of things, and greater skill in interpreting their visions. Each comes, then, to his generation, or to all generations, with his "message," and it is our right and our duty to demand their

¹ Italics ours. The discarded "rabid and utterly false Protestantism," and the "vulgar attack on Roman Catholicism," are, of course, still much exploited by the low Protestant controversialist, too dishonest to give any indication of the author's change of view. It is to be regretted, too, that Messrs. Dent, in their convenient "Every Man's Library," have re-issued the old editions without calling attention to these important alterations of the text.

² Canon William Barry, in the *Dublin Review*, January, 1885.

³ Good man though he undoubtedly was, Thackeray in some of his books is an untrustworthy moral guide, especially when he seems to condone the evil doctrine that a period of sowing "wild oats" is inevitable in every young life.

credentials, to test every spirit, as St. John advises us,¹ "whether they be of God." We may notice in this connection the strange habit of these later generations, whose faith has been sapped by the Protestant principle, to recur for spiritual guidance to these prophets of nature rather than to those sent authoritatively from God. Men seek, and profess to find, support for their inner life in the spirit of this or that poet—in the sturdy optimism of Browning, in Tennyson's faint trust of "the larger hope," in the refined æstheticism of Arnold—forgetting that if there is any truth, any virtue, any real healing to be found in the writings of such men, it must be drawn from the Christian revelation, from that perennial, inexhaustible fountain of all spiritual light and strength, the Gospel of Christ. To seek elsewhere for what makes for man's perfection, for a code of right belief and conduct, for a clue to the perplexities of life, for solace in human sorrow, is like turning one's back on the boundless ocean to try to bathe in a bucket, or shutting our eyes to the star-lit heavens in order to admire their reflection in a road-side pool. The reason of this preference amongst the faithless is not far to seek—the Gospel message comes from One who spoke with authority, promulgating both the law and its sanction; the poets, on the other hand, give them only what they look for, and in following their counsel they submit to a self-imposed yoke.

But, that being understood, there is no reason why the Catholic, although he has the Gospels and the Church, should not find in the poets also incentives to virtue and strength in affliction. They often serve to emphasize what reason but dimly apprehends, and to illustrate from other points of view what revelation has already made clear. It is consoling to find truths of such vast and vital importance recognized by intellects naturally great and enshrined by poetic genius in striking and beautiful language. It is a sign that the human soul, in Tertullian's phrase, is "naturally Christian," that there is nothing, *i.e.* in Christ's teaching, but stands the test of human experience and meets the approval of human reason. Indeed, a powerful catena of passages might be culled from the poets, non-Christian and Christian alike, in support of various points of Christian morality and even of Christian asceticism. Let us take some random examples. "What exchange shall a

¹ 1 Joan iv. 1.

man give for his soul?" asks our Lord,¹ and Shakespeare echoes the question in the musical lines :

What win I if I gain the thing I seek?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.
Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week?
Or sells eternity to get a toy?

(*Rape of Lucrece.*)

Again, the divine paradox of Christianity—"He that shall lose his life for Me shall find it"² finds most eloquent expression in that noble sonnet of the same poet "Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,"³ especially in the sestet—

Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more.
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

All through the plays, moreover, Shakespeare shows the fullest understanding of the nature and necessity of prayer. Consider these few passages.⁴

Left to themselves—

Our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil, and when we drink, we die.

(*Measure for Measure*, i. 2.)

God's help is necessary to overcome the perversity of nature—

For every man with his affects is born;
Not by might mastered, but by special grace.

(*Love's Labour Lost*, i. 1.)

The double effect of prayer, to prevent and to restore, is shown in

What's in prayer, but this twofold force—
To be forestalled, ere he come to fall,
Or pardoned, being down.

(*Hamlet*, iii. 3.)

"You ask and you receive not," says St. James, "because you ask amiss."⁵ Again, this is echoed in

¹ St. Matt. 16, 22.

² St. Matt. x. 39.

³ No. 146.

⁴ Several of these passages are selected from *The Religion of Shakespeare*, by Father Bowden.

⁵ Jac. i. 3.

We ignorant of ourselves,
 Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
 Deny us for our good : so we find profit,
 By losing of our prayers.

(*Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 1.)

Further, the whole play of *Macbeth* sets forth the lesson that sin breeds death and cannot bring peace to the soul. And in *Henry VIII.*, the hollowness of worldly ambition is strongly emphasized. The advantages to the ambitious resulting from humiliation have never been more eloquently expressed than in this comment on Wolsey—

His overthrow heaped happiness on him ;
 For then and not till then he felt himself,
 And found the blessedness of being little ;
 And, to add greater honours to his age
 Than man could give him, he died, fearing God.

(*Henry VIII.* iv. 2.)

And to come to some lesser but more recent poets, where shall we find a more eloquent expression of the "Argument from Nature" than in Coleridge's sublime *Hymn before Sunrise in the Valley of Chamounix*, which is too long to quote—or of the insufficiency of finite goods to satisfy the soul than in Cowper's fine lines—

But, O Thou bounteous giver of all good,
 Thou art of all Thy gifts Thyself the crown !
 Give what Thou canst,—without Thee we are poor,
 And with Thee rich—take what Thou wilt away !

It is tempting to linger on these indications of true spiritual insight which may be culled in plenty from nearly every poet—even Ovid has some lines in praise of chastity—but our business is not with Literature and Truth but Literature and Lying. It must be said that, on the whole, the poets, *i.e.*, the non-Catholic poets, add not a little to the ignorance and falsehood that weaken the other departments of our literature. There are Christians, indeed, amongst them, orthodox at least in sentiment if not in belief,—Spenser, Milton, Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, Browning, Longfellow, Tennyson—whose chief faults against Truth are due to ignorance, but many of great genius, like Shelley, Keats, Byron, Morris, Arnold, Rossetti, Swinburne, are frankly agnostic or pagan in their ideals. I must be content with pointing out one fundamental

defect which pervades and vitiates most of the work of the latter class: it is called by various names—Naturalism, Hellenism, Secularism,—but it consists essentially in paying homage to the creature instead of the Creator. They feast with delight on the world of nature, but ignore its Maker: they portray with consummate skill the passions and vicissitudes of man, but ignore his duties. This deliberate agnosticism leads in some, as in Shelley, to practical idolatry or Nature-worship, in others, as in Keats and William Morris, to a conventional resuscitation of paganism which robs their poetry of any high meaning and makes them, indeed, "idle singers of an empty day." But a worse result follows from shutting out of sight all reference of man to his Maker; no sense of sin or responsibility is left, no trace of gratitude, humility, or the distinctive Christian virtues, and all sort of ethical disorder is preached or condoned. If a catena of passages in support of Christian ideals could be gathered from modern poetry, whole anthologies could be collected in praise of mere animalism and pagan lusts. Nowhere is the divorce of literature from truth more deplorable than here, no sight is more sad than that of the Seer self-blinded, the Prophet swayed by the spirit of lying. What have these men gained by abandoning Christian revelation, and cutting themselves off from a world of such grandeur and sublimity as religion makes known? A wider range? power to speculate unfettered by dogma? a field of elemental passion closed to the believer? Nay, for none of these things are denied to the orthodox. Short of formal blasphemy and indecency, which should be the desire of none, his scope is as wide as that of the "emancipated." Never, for instance, has the case for agnosticism, the revolt of the natural man against the inscrutable ways of God, been put with greater force than in one of the books of the Bible itself, the Book of Job. But such arguments are there developed dramatically, set down to be exposed and refuted. With that purpose in view, there is no error, so long as he does not endorse it, no baseness, so long as he does not approve or palliate it, that the Christian poet may not touch on or sketch. And more than this, surely all the love, nay, all the passion and devotion, that created beauty, whether physical or moral, can properly excite, all the heroism it can inspire, all the joy or despair which its possession or loss can arouse may be called forth by, and are due in an intenser degree to, the Uncreated Beauty which is God. But the animal man prefers to sow in the flesh, and of the flesh he reaps—corruption. Listen for a moment to a great

Catholic poet, too little known and read, Aubrey de Vere, on this degenerate "Fleshly School":

The world's base Poets have not kept
Song's vigil on her vestal height,
Nor scorned false pride and foul delight,
Nor with the weepers rightly wept,
Nor seen God's visions in the night!

Profane to enthrone the Sense, and add
A gleam that lies to shapes that pass,
Ah me! in song as in a glass
They might have shown us, glory-clad,
His Face who ever is and was!

They might have shown us cloud and leaf
Lit with the radiance uncreate;
Love throned o'er vanquished Lust and Hate;
Joy, gem-distilled through rocks of grief;
And Justice conquering Time and Fate!

But they immodest brows have crown'd
With violated bud and flower:—
Courting the high Muse *par amour*,
Upon her suppliants she hath frown'd,
And sent them darkness for a dower.

Better half-sight and tear-dimmed day
Than dust-defiled o'er-sated Touch!
Better the torn wing than the crutch!
Better who hide their gift than they
Who give so basely and so much.

(*On Visiting a Haunt of Coleridge's.*)

Those, then, who think Catholicity false, and under that impression, travesty its practices and disdain its ideals: still more those who scorn all religion and vindicate for man a baseless independence of mind and will, combine to pollute the well-spring of English literature with many a murky rivulet. Our delight is constantly marred by the necessity of straining out the true from the false, of separating the lies, doctrinal, ethical, historical, and various combinations of the three, from the clear-flowing Truth. But our moral nature is strengthened by the process, even if our æsthetic enjoyment is hampered, for our reading becomes a pursuit of the True as much as of the Beautiful. It is well if we can make our grasp of Truth such that we can safely contemplate this all-pervading error which is often so beautiful and so seductive. Let us not shrink from the toil and the pain of it. It is better for us to be shocked and nauseated by the lies in literature, than to enjoy the literature without noticing the lying.

JOSEPH KEATING.

Ascension and Whitsuntide.

IN an article contributed to these pages something more than a year ago,¹ I ventured to urge a view of the primitive paschal festival and the origins of the Christian calendar, which while hardly deserving perhaps to be regarded as a novelty, has long seemed to me to merit more attention than it has commonly received. The main point of the theory referred to lies in the conception that for the first century and a half after the Ascension of Jesus Christ, the Church regarded not the year but the week as the unit of ecclesiastical time, and that the early Christians were, consequently, so absorbed in the *weekly* celebration of the betrayal, the Passion, and the Resurrection of our Lord, that they saw no need to establish any annual festival, or system of festivals. It was only after a time, when long residence in contact with Roman and Greek civilization had weakened the Jewish influences dominant in the birth-land of the new Faith, and when acquaintance with the Julian calendar with its uniform year had facilitated the practice of anniversary commemorations, that Christians began to ask themselves whether it was not seemly that they should celebrate in the spring season with special solemnity the memory of our Saviour's death and triumph over the grave. If this hypothesis is not refuted by facts, but has sufficient intrinsic probability in its favour to deserve to be considered seriously, it would supply, so it seems to me, a reasonable and natural explanation of many things which are otherwise full of difficulty.

To begin with, there is the paschal controversy, the different phases of which for several centuries were constantly threatening the Church with disruption. On the theory that the Easter festival was of apostolic institution, it is extremely hard to understand how quite different systems of reckoning Easter can have prevailed among Christians in different parts of the world, and yet have left no trace of their presence and no hint of

¹ See *THE MONTH*, April, 1910, pp. 337—347, "The Easter Festival."

difference of opinion until the middle of the second century. Surely there must have been sufficient communication between the Christians of Rome, Jerusalem, and Asia Minor to arrive at agreement on the question whether Easter was always to be kept on a Sunday or upon any day of the week which corresponded to the 16th Nisan. If the Apostles were agreed in ordaining that an Easter festival ought to be kept, would they not also have been agreed in determining in some manner the time of its recurrence? But if, on the other hand, we suppose that it was only in the second century that the practice of celebrating our Lord's Passion and Resurrection by an annual commemoration began to establish itself, all becomes intelligible. The usage would have grown up independently in different places, and its adoption would have been gradual. But in time, as the observance spread and finally became general, the inconvenience of following quite different systems would have made itself felt. The adherents of each system would have appealed to a local tradition, and would no doubt attach it to some more or less legendary apostolical foundation. We should have, in fact, just that atmosphere of good faith and controversy which we know from St. Irenæus to have existed in the latter half of the second century.

Again, there is the difficulty regarding the chronological details of our Lord's life, and more particularly regarding the date of His Passion and Resurrection. Modern rationalists appeal to this uncertainty as an argument against the historical existence of Jesus Christ. But once we assume that the Christians of the first century thought nothing of anniversaries, seeing that the Jewish reckoning of time was ill adapted for exactitude in such celebrations, but that they were satisfied to honour the mysteries of our Redemption by weekly fasts on Wednesday and Friday, and assemblies on the Lord's day, the difficulty practically vanishes. Moreover, we begin to understand how it may have been that the Evangelists, who are all so precise and clear in recording that Jesus Christ was crucified on the Parasceve and rose again on the first day of the week, supply confusing and apparently inconsistent indications when we interrogate them regarding the relation of these dates to the Jewish pasch and the counting of days in the month Nisan. These questions were from their point of view, and from that of the first few generations of Christians, of no practical interest.

They became of practical interest only when it was too late for the very imperfect methods of historical research known in those days to hope to pick up the threads and to calculate securely back to a definite point of time to be expressed in terms of the Julian calendar.

The theory, thus roughly outlined, receives as it seems to me a good deal of indirect support from a study of the subsequent introduction of other feasts, notably those of the Ascension and Pentecost. In a certain sense it may no doubt be said that we find Pentecost recognized at almost as early a date as we find the Christian Pasch, but it is necessary at the same time to be extremely careful as to the interpretation we attach both to the word Pentecost and to the word Pascha. To begin with the latter, there can be no doubt that in the earliest passages in which it occurs in the sense of a Christian celebration, *Pascha* means Good Friday rather than Easter Sunday. So, for example, we find it in Justin Martyr and Apollinaris.¹ The Quartodecimans who wished to keep the Pasch on the 14th Nisan, on whatever day of the week it might fall, obviously meant by the word Pasch the commemoration of the day on which our Lord suffered. So, again, some passages in Tertullian clearly show that he was thinking of Good Friday when he wrote of the "day of the Pasch," as for example in his *De Oratione* (cap. 18).

On the day of the Pasch (*die pashae*) which is scrupulously kept as a general and an almost public occasion of fasting, we with good reason lay aside the practice of giving each other the kiss of peace, making no attempt to conceal what we are only doing in common with everyone else.

At the same time, it is in Tertullian and other writers of his age that we also find the *dies Paschae* beginning to be used of Easter day, as, for example, when he says in the *De Corona* (cap. 3) that "we rejoice in the same exemption from fasting and from kneeling from the day of the Pasch to Pentecost," (*eadem immunitate a die Paschae in Pentecosten usque gaudemus*).²

But does it not follow, I may be asked, that if in this last quoted passage the *dies Paschae* be interpreted as Easter Sunday,

¹ Dial. c. Tryph. iii. (Otto, Corpus Apol. 3rd Ed. ii. 395). Cf. Apollinaris, *ὁ παφείς ἐν ἡμέρᾳ τῇ τοῦ πάσχα* (Otto, l. c. ix. 487).

² Cf. Dionysius of Alexandria καθ' ἣν ἔραν ἀπονηστίζεσθαι δεῖ τὴν τοῦ Πάσχα ἡμέραν.

the other term must also be understood to denote a definite feast, *i.e.*, that which we now call Whit Sunday? I do not think that we are justified in drawing any such inference until our evidence is quite clear and precise. Ἡ Πεντηκοστή sometimes Latinized as *Quinquagesima*, meant primarily a period of fifty days after Easter. When the Acts of the Apostles speak of "the days of Pentecost" being accomplished, the idea conveyed by the holy writer is that of the days of the Pentecostal period running out. There would be nothing violent or unnatural about Tertullian's phrase, *a die Paschae in Pentecosten usque*, and other somewhat similar expressions in Origen,¹ if we still understood *Pentecosten* of the limit of the fifty days period, without necessarily supposing that the limit itself constituted a Christian festival. The fact that the Jews, owing to their "feast of weeks," applied the designation ἡ πεντηκοστή to a definite day, and that always a Sunday,² would have marked the point of time quite clearly enough for all early Christian writers, and unless there is some clear indication in the passage itself, we are not probably justified in inferring the existence of a separate Christian celebration. It is a matter, perhaps, upon which some difference of opinion may be felt, and I can only record here my own impression after a conscientious attempt to study the evidence, that I can find no satisfactory indication in the writers of the third century after Christ, that the last day of the pentecostal period, in other words, Whit Sunday, was at that time honoured like Easterday as a separate festival. What makes the inquiry so exceptionally difficult, is the fact that the whole of the fifty days formed for the Christians of the third century a sort of Church holiday. This is a point upon which there is no room for difference of view. Several passages in Tertullian and Origen speak quite clearly, and among the rest one which I may repeat from my former article.

And if you wish [says Tertullian, addressing a pagan who is thinking of embracing Christianity] to give some relief to the body you will have I will not say merely your former holidays but even more. For amongst pagans each festival day is only of annual occurrence, but you will have a holiday every week (*octavo quoque die*). Gather up all the holidays of

¹ See *Contra Celsum*, viii, 22.

² It must not be forgotten that though the Jewish Pasch might fall on any day, the Jewish Pentecost (in accordance with Levit. xxiii, 15—16) was necessarily kept on the first day of the week, for they were to count from the morrow after the Sabbath.

the Gentiles and set them in a row, they will not make up as much as the pentecostal period [which for us is all holiday].¹

No doubt the observance of this period of fifty consecutive holidays, marked, as Tertullian and other early writers remind us, by the intermission of fasting and by the fact that all public prayers were said standing, as on Sundays, must in a short time almost necessarily have lent some special prominence to the last day of the period. Neither could the recollection of the first Pentecost when the Holy Ghost came down upon the Apostles ever have been far off, but so far as our third and fourth century sources of information enable us to judge, the individuality, so to speak, of the day of Pentecost seems to have been merged in the general rejoicing of the whole fifty days period. One cannot neglect the negative evidence of such a work as the *Didascalia*, more especially when it is contrasted with the very precise indications of the later *Apostolic Constitutions*. Although the author of the *Didascalia*, which all now seem agreed in attributing to the third century after Christ, with cumbrous iteration proclaims the fact that upon the Friday and Saturday of Holy Week a great fast is to be kept until the third hour of the Sunday morning, still he seems to recognize no other festival or celebration in the year except the ordinary Sundays and a glorified and prolonged Easter-day.² Again, the general impression left by the Festal Letters of St. Athanasius fifty or more years later in date is very similar. If Pentecost was for him a definite feast of twenty-four hours duration as well as a prolonged period of rejoicing, the former conception seems never to be alluded to, while the latter is put prominently forward in almost every letter. For example:

And keeping the feast [of Easter] afterwards on the first of the week, let us add to these the seven weeks of the great Pentecost, altogether rejoicing and exulting in Christ Jesus our Lord. . . .

When we have thus kept the feast [of Easter] according to His will, let us add from that first day in the sacred week, also the seven weeks of Pentecost in which we receiving the grace of the Spirit shall be giving thanks to the Lord at all times. . . .

Immediately after which there rises upon us the first day of the

¹ The last sentence runs in the original: "Excerpe singulas solemnitates nationum et in ordinem exsere: pentecosten implere non poterunt." (Tertullian, *De Idololatria*, c. 14, Ed. Reifferscheid, p. 47.)

² See Funk, *Didascalia et Constitutiones Apostolorum*, i. pp. 286—298.

sacred week on the 12th of Pharmuthi which extends its beams with unobscured grace, to all the seven weeks of holy Pentecost. Resting [*i.e.* ceasing?] on that day we shall have fulfilled through all the season the feast of Easter. . . .

From which to Pentecost we keep holiday through the seven weeks one after the other.¹

But what perhaps will serve more than anything else to deepen the impression that the idea of an anniversary commemoration of the separate events of our Saviour's life was as yet new and unfamiliar to the Christians of the first four centuries is the treatment of the Ascension. The earliest mention of the subject seems to be that passage in the Epistle of Barnabas which I have already quoted in the article before referred to, but which it seems necessary to recall here :

Finally he saith to them *Your new-moons and sabbaths I cannot away with.* Ye see what is his meaning. It is not your present sabbaths which are acceptable to Me but the sabbath that I have made; in the which when I have set all things at rest, I will make the beginning of the eighth day, which is the beginning of another world. Wherefore also we keep the eighth day for rejoicing, in the which also Jesus rose from the dead, and having been manifested, ascended into the heavens.²

The first and natural impression left by those last words is that in the idea of the writer, our Lord not only rose from the dead but also ascended into heaven on a Sunday. I am not sure that this necessarily follows, for the emphasis may lie on the words "rose from the dead" and the rest may be regarded as merely complementary, or as an indication of purpose. Thus we might write in Latin *qua die resurrexit ex mortuis in coelum post sui manifestationem ascensurus*. But while we are perhaps not rigorously constrained here to connect the Ascension directly with Sunday, there also remains the possibility that there was some confusion in the mind of the writer, or that at any rate he regarded the Sunday as ordained for the commemoration of all the events connected with our Saviour's risen life. That this last supposition has much to recommend it will appear, I think, from the consideration of some other analogous passages from writers of early date. Probably the most

¹ *Festal Letters of St. Athanasius* (in *Library of the Fathers*), pp. 21, 29, 54, 81 (A.D. 330 to 338).

² *Epistle of Barnabas*, cap. xv.

important of these in the light which it throws upon the ecclesiastical usages of Jerusalem towards the end of the fourth century (we may still assume this date with the majority of scholars, despite the difficulties that have been raised by Dr. Karl Meister¹), is the account of the Spanish pilgrim lady, Ætheria. She describes, in the first place, a celebration which, though it took place on Ascension-day, forty days after Easter, was held at Bethlehem, and had apparently nothing at all to do with the Ascension of our Lord. This is the essential part of her description :

On the fortieth day after Easter, that is on the fifth week-day—(for all go on the previous day, that is, the fourth week-day, after the sixth hour to Bethlehem to celebrate the vigils, for the vigils are kept in Bethlehem in the church wherein is the cave where the Lord was born)—on this fifth week-day, the fortieth after Easter, the Dismissal is celebrated (*Missa celebratur*) in its due order, so that the Priests and the Bishop preach, treating of the things suitable to the day and the place, and afterwards everyone returns to Jerusalem late.²

On the other hand it is equally clear that a service in commemoration of the Ascension was held on the Mount of Olives on Whit Sunday afternoon, where a vast concourse of people attended it. Ætheria says :

So all the people [after the morning service on Whit Sunday] return, each to his house, to rest themselves, and immediately after breakfast they ascend the Mount of Olives, that is to Eleona, each as he can, so that there is no Christian left in the city who does not go. When, therefore, they have gone up the Mount of Olives, that is, to Eleona, they first enter the Imbomon, that is the place where our Lord ascended to Heaven, and the Bishop and the Priests take their seat there, and likewise all the people. Lessons are read there with hymns interspersed, antiphons too are said suitable to the day and the place, also the prayers which are interspersed have likewise similar references. The passage from the Gospel is also read where it speaks of the Lord's Ascension, also that from the Acts of the Apostles which tells of the Ascension of the Lord into heaven after His Resurrection.³

Ætheria also goes on at considerable length to describe the procession back to Jerusalem in the evening, and she insists much upon the lateness of the hour and the very exhausting

¹ See the *Rheinisches Museum*, 1909, pp. 337—392.

² Duchesne, *Christian Worship*, third Eng. Ed. p. 569.

³ Duchesne, *Christian Worship*, p. 571.

day which was thus spent by almost the whole population in religious exercises.

Now it seems quite impossible to believe that at this period and in such a great centre of Christian devotion as Jerusalem itself, there could have been any confusion or obscurity as to the data afforded by the Acts of the Apostles for determining the day of our Saviour's Ascension. Even if we could attach any weight to the fantastic theory of E. von Dobschütz that the apparitions of our Lord were not all of the same nature, that the fiery tongues and the coming of the Holy Spirit on Whit Sunday really formed a Christophany (the Spirit being the Spirit of Jesus Christ Himself, cf. Jo. xx. 23), which is to be identified with the occasion when Christ "was seen by more than five hundred brethren at once,"¹ still, we cannot imagine that these ideas could possibly have survived to the end of the fourth century in such a way as to control Catholic practice and to make people believe that the final ascension of our Lord was to be placed after the descent of the Holy Ghost. On the contrary the true view, as I take it, is that the whole Pentecostal period was looked upon as a great Resurrection feast, in comparison with which mere chronological order was regarded as a matter of very secondary importance. Hence at Jerusalem the Ascension was commemorated the last thing on Whit Sunday in preparation for the ordinary bi-weekly fast, which now resumed its sway. It was by this final withdrawal to the right hand of the Father that "the bridegroom was taken away," and the fast could not begin until this separation had taken place. This point of view comes out, as it seems to me, very clearly in the *Collations*² of Cassian, written somewhere about the year 425. In the imaginary dialogue which the author there puts before us, the question is asked why Christians abstained from fasting for fifty days after Easter. Abbot Theonas answers because this was the time that the Bridegroom remained with the Apostles. To this Germanus naturally objects that our Saviour only remained with His Apostles for forty days after the Resurrection, not fifty.³ Theonas in reply admits that it was reasonable to inquire

¹ E. von Dobschütz, *Ostern und Pfingsten*, Leipzig, 1903, pp. 34, 35, 40, &c.

² See Book xxi. chapters 11—20.

³ "Quare igitur tota Quinquagesima abstinentiæ rigorem prandiis relaxamus cum utique Christus quadraginta tantum diebus post resurrectionem cum discipulis fuerit commoratus?" (*Ibid.* ch. 20; C.S. E.L. xiii. 594.)

why the exemption from fasting was prolonged beyond the Ascension "which took place on the fortieth day after the Resurrection," but he urges that the ten extra days formed the complement of a mystical period of fifty days' rejoicing, which had been prefigured in the Old Testament. For it was on the day of Pentecost that the Apostles offered the true loaves of first-fruits (Lev. xxiii. 17). For this mystical reason the apostolic tradition of the fifty days was to be carefully adhered to.¹

Whether this conception was or was not at the root of the practice of the Church in the third and fourth centuries, there can be no doubt that any celebration there may have been of the historical fact of the Ascension is altogether thrown into the shade by the side of the numberless allusions which we find to the great Pentecostal holiday of fifty days, this glorified Sunday, as I have ventured to call it. Unfortunately many passages which refer to the Ascension are ambiguous in wording and tell us less than we might expect. Such, for example, is the following from Eusebius' *Life of Constantine*, written about 338.

Now all this [he is describing the details of the Emperor's death] took place upon that great solemnity of the venerable and august Pentecost which is honoured for seven weeks and reaches its climax on one special day, in which [the reference might be either to the period of Pentecost or the one special day, Whitsunday] Holy Writ records the Ascension into heaven of our common Redeemer and the descent of the Holy Ghost upon mankind.²

Many writers have so interpreted this passage as to attribute to Eusebius the view that the Ascension and the coming of the Holy Ghost occurred upon the same day. I do not think that the Greek original of itself constrains us to this, though it certainly suggests it, but there is a fragment of Eusebius, the authenticity of which is apparently generally admitted, which speaks in much more precise terms. It is taken from Eusebius' lost treatise on the Festival of Easter (*περί τῆς τοῦ πάσχα ἑορτῆς*). The whole fragment is too long to quote, but it speaks at length of the seven weeks of Pentecost and declares them to be a compensation in generous measure for the six weeks of Lent.

To the labours we have gone through in this time of Lent the

¹ "Idecirco hi quoque decem dies cum superioribus xl pari sollemnitate sunt ac lætitia celebrandi, cuius festivitatis traditio per apostolicos viros ad nos usque transmissa eodem tenore servanda est." (*Ibid.* ch. 20; *C.S.E.L.* xiii. 594.)

² Eusebius, *De Vita Constantini*, iv. 64. Ed. Heikel, p. 144.

second celebration [Whit Sunday?] in seven weeks, will fittingly succeed, the period of repose superabounding, as is symbolised by the number seven. Not indeed that the number of Pentecost (fifty) standeth upon these, but after passing beyond the seven weeks it adds as seal and climax the solemn feast of Christ's Ascension (ἀναλήψεως) upon the last unit day (μονάδι) which follows.¹

This passage certainly seems to say, in terms which, however difficult to render into natural English, are quite free from ambiguity, that the fiftieth day, the Sunday following upon the seven weeks, was kept as the solemn feast of Christ's Ascension. Possibly the germ of the confusion lies in the word ἀνάληψις (*Assumptio*), which though systematically used to denote the Ascension of our Lord, lays stress rather upon the idea of removal from this world. On Whit Sunday, the end of the Pentecostal period, men's minds, at any rate in that age, turned less to the commemoration of the coming of the Holy Spirit and the prodigy of the tongues of fire, than to the remembrance that the Bridegroom had now finally withdrawn Himself and that the ordinary work-day life was to begin once more. The same tone of thought seems to prevail elsewhere. Philastrius in his book on Heresies, written about the year 384, speaks quite clearly of keeping the feast of the Ascension forty days after Easter and upon a Thursday, but he couples it immediately with the idea of resuming the ordinary penitential life, and supposes that the time between Ascension and Pentecost is to be spent as a continuous fast.² On the other hand, the practice which Philastrius thought correct and alone orthodox, seems to have been distinctly denounced and condemned by the 43rd Canon of the Council of Elvira, somewhere about the year 300. This enacted that the privileged Pentecostal period should last the full fifty days, seeming thereby to qualify as heretical a contrary custom of resuming the fast after only forty days.³

Moreover even though St. Augustine,⁴ St. Gregory of Nyssa,⁵ St. Chrysostom⁶ and the historian Socrates⁷ speak of the

¹ The text of this fragment was published by Mai, *Nova Bib. PP.* vol. iv. p. 268. It has also been printed by Migne, *P.G.* xxiv. p. 700.

² Philastrius, *Hæreses*, p. 149; *C.S.E.L.* xxxviii. p. 121, and cf. p. 111. Migne, *P.L.* xii. pp. 1289 and 1274.

³ Hefele-Leclercq, *Conciles*, i. pp. 245, 246.

⁴ Ep. 54, c. 1; *C.S.E.L.*, xxxiv, 159—160.

⁵ Migne, *P.G.*, xlvi, 690.

⁶ Migne, *P.G.*, L, 441 and 463.

⁷ *H.E.*, vii, 26.

Ascension as an established festival, there was undoubtedly a tendency to confuse it with the celebration of Pentecost. Even an authority so grave as St. Ambrose declares, we are told, and seemingly without any sense of touching on controverted matter :

The whole course of the fifty days is solemnized like a Sunday. . . . After His Resurrection our Saviour had intercourse with men for an entire fifty days (*tota quinquagesima*). It was requisite, therefore, that our festivity should be of like duration . . . and that so we should rejoice in His Resurrection for fifty *ferie*.¹

One may also trace it seems to me a similar train of ideas in one of the poems of St. Paulinus of Nola belonging to a slightly later date.² On the other hand, sundry references to the Ascension in the apocryphal literature of the fifth or sixth centuries do not seem to me to give evidence of any serious tradition. They are more likely I conceive to have grown out of some such practice as that which Ætheria describes as existing in Jerusalem itself, viz., of celebrating the Ascension on the evening of Whit Sunday.

Here at any rate is one such passage :

In the three hundred and thirty-ninth year of the Kingdom of the Greeks in the month Hezitan, on the fourth day of the same, which is the first day of the week, and the completion of Pentecost, on this same day the Disciples came from Nazareth of Galilee, from the place where the conception of our Lord was announced, to the mountain which is called Baith Raithe, our Lord being with them, but not being visible to them. And at the time of the great morning our Lord lifted up His Hands and laid them upon the heads of the Eleven Disciples, and gave to them the gift of the Priesthood ; and suddenly a bright cloud received Him, and they beheld Him as He went up to Heaven, and He sat down at the right Hand of His Father.³

The identification of the Ascension with Whit Sunday is precise, but it is difficult to believe that such a writing at any time carried weight. Without quoting further evidence I venture to urge that the whole attitude of mind revealed by these facts corresponds with and is only explicable by the supposition that the commemoration of the great events of our Lord's life in

¹ Migne, *P.L.* xlix, p. 1194, quoted by Gazaeus in a footnote, but I have not yet identified the passage.

² Paulinus, in Migne, *P.L.* p. lxi, 650. *C.S.E.L.*, xxx, 266.

³ Cureton, *Anct. Syriac Docs.*, p. 24.

chronological order was as yet comparatively a novel idea. It was the stupendous truth of the Resurrection which still absorbed the thought and the aspirations of devout Christians in the third and fourth centuries almost to the exclusion of everything else. To them a spiritual festival almost of necessity took the form of a figure and type of the happy Resurrection feast, and it was with seeming reluctance that they admitted any interruption of the ordinary weekly commemorations except in so far as the fifty days of Pentecost really emphasized the same idea. The first clear and precise adumbration of a new order of things, that is, of an ecclesiastical calendar in any proper sense of the words, meets us in the festival ordinances of the *Apostolic Constitutions*, which by this very fact we are justified in identifying with the second half of the fourth century.

HERBERT THURSTON.

Gracechurch Papers.

I. SAL FISH.

FOR so small a place Gracechurch has a large proportion of "genteel" houses. To be genteel was the acme of social success in the little midland town: money was never abundant enough to elevate any of its citizens to distinction. No one had ever made a fortune there, nor, indeed, would it be easy to imagine how anyone could: there was no "trade," though of course we had our tradesmen, generally two of each sort. There were two drapers, Sandford's for the genteel, and Dawson's for the common folk—it no more occurred to Gracechurch that it should not talk of the "common people" than that it would be wrong to speak of "independent gentry." There were two booksellers, Baugh's and Thomson's, the former sending in meagre bills every half year to the gentry (not largely for books), the latter doing a humbler cash trade with our inferiors, for whom it filled its windows about the beginning of February with appalling Valentines a yard long by six or eight inches broad—the broadness of another kind being incalculable in inches. Miss Mildstone, who was gentility itself, once received one of these anonymously, and for the rest of her life was ill with apprehension every February, till Valentine's Day was safely past, lest the post should bring her another. No human eye but hers had ever seen that Valentine after it left the sender's hands, even the memory of it was always enough to reduce her to tears.

Thomson's shop would now be considered more interesting than Baugh's; it had a large and venerable stock of penny chap-books (which Miss Mildstone shudderingly believed to be so named in allusion to a slang word for young men) and these "penny-books," as I always called them when I asked for one, were illustrated by quaint wood-cuts. There was, too, a large box of old second-hand novels, Richardson, Smollett, Fielding, Miss Burney, Miss Edgeworth, and such like; out of it I bought

Caleb Williams, which I thought then, and think still, to be as dull as it is dismal and inhuman. So far as could be perceived Thomson's never got in any new stock, except the annual show of Valentines and Christmas cards, and even these would contain a great many more old friends than new arrivals.

Baugh's also sold Valentines, but of a different type—silver embossed designs of flowers and bouquets raised on paper springs with a central motto underneath, and little shiny cupids or doves (with envelopes in their beaks) at each corner. These were scented, and were fitted into flat cardboard boxes which always succumbed in the post. Miss Mildstone would not have resented the receipt of one of these, but she rarely if ever had the opportunity. When we went to Gracechurch she had ceased to be remembered by genteel swains who dispatched Valentines, with their reversed initials pencilled on the back. Not that Miss Mildstone was old, but she was signed with the seal of spinsterhood from her birth, and was wrong to go against her predestination by ultimately marrying a doctor, who knew of her five thousand pounds, and devoted his wedded life to shouting at her and calling her Mary Anne, whereas she had always insisted on being addressed as Marian.

At Baugh's there was a lending library, out of which a book was occasionally taken and retained for, say, six months. For, though we all confessed to being great readers at Gracechurch, no one had time for much reading. As no one ever did anything in particular, I suppose it was for the same reason. At Baugh's, however, there was a shelf of poets—Wordsworth in red and gold, Longfellow in green and gold (I have the Longfellow now), Mrs. Hemans in brown and gold, Byron in purple and gold, all at three-and-six: and now and then one of these was bought for a birthday or Christmas present, but not often enough to justify Mr. Baugh in supplying the empty space by a new volume; we never dreamt of giving sweets or flowers for presents; what was the good? People had their own gardens, and you might as well have given them a cauliflower; and sweets would be eaten up in a day or two, and leave no monument of your generosity but the box. A present we looked upon as a permanent investment to repose ever afterward on the central table, one of the spokes of a wheel whose centre was a group of wax flowers under a glass dome. We all knew exactly what presents each of us had received throughout our lives.

There were two milliners also—Mrs. Pay (who made

you do it) and Miss Dovey, who fetched her "fashions" from Shrewsbury and did not need to charge each customer with the expenses of an annual trip to London. Miss Dovey adorned the heads of the farmers' wives and daughters with striking bonnets; but to be genteel your bonnet must have been devised by Mrs. Pay, whose taste was merely flamboyant. Both ladies had slight beards. Mr. Pay was a very gentleman-like man, with distinguished legs, and a Napoleonic waxed moustache. As Mr. Grass, the drawing-master, wore an Imperial, you might have thought they were related, but the fact was never established. Such a connection, if proved, would hardly have been deemed derogatory to the latter gentleman, for Mr. Pay (though of course not genteel in our sense), occupied a position almost of his own, quite distinct from that of a tradesman, for he collected rents for a few small landlords, and was registrar of births and deaths. No doubt he registered marriages too, but not in our class, for the genteel had mostly the angelic quality of neither marrying nor being given in marriage.

We had two pastry cooks, or confectioners as we called them. Mrs. Maxwell, at the corner of Watergate, whose wares seemed nearly as unchangeable as Baugh's and Thomson's; and Jefferies, who baked new buns and tea-cakes every day and carried them round, from door to door, all afternoon, in two huge baskets, like little shops. As he left each house for another he rang a doleful bell that used to remind me of the dead-man's in the London Plague, as if he were calling on us to bring out our dead. But we only brought out our plates for "light-cakes," a spongy sort of disc with a smooth surface underneath, and honeycombed atop with deep holes subsequently oozy with hot butter.

No self-respecting Gracechurchman, or woman, ever sat down to tea without light-cakes. Tea was in the dining-room, and was a meal, deliberate and quasi-solid, eaten round the big table, on which, later on, supper would be spread. Callers were not offered tea, but cake and wine, and no one affected to "dine late," except the two doctors, who did so not cheerfully but of necessity, and not out of ambition, but because at "dinner-time" they would be far afield in their gigs, driving from one rich farm-house to another, and conveying the bottles of medicine they had made up themselves. We had two chemists also ("druggists" was our word), who did not make

up prescriptions, but sold rat-poison, and tooth-brushes, cattle-medicines, feeding-bottles, lavender-water, and "cough-lozengers," as the ungenteels pronounced them. One druggist would really have been enough, but we liked two of everything, lest absence of competition should cause us to be imposed upon. One of the druggists drank, to pass the time away, as did one of the booksellers, and as did one of the milliners, or report and her fiery complexion wronged her. Neither of the doctors drank, but divided the business between them, and had a common appreciation of good liquor. There were two attorneys, one of whom not only drank, but had *delirium tremens* from time to time, and ultimately hanged himself; after that his rival had all the business, for those who had previously sought their legal advice from the suicide had uneasy qualms as to what had come of it, and would risk no further complicity.

The remaining lawyer, for we thought the word had a finer sound than attorney or solicitor, was thoroughly genteel, which poor Lawyer Squirt had never been—it might have restrained him from so ill-bred an act as hanging himself. Lawyer Gingham had family portraits in his dining-room, and was related by the mother's side to an historian well known to thousands who never heard of Gracechurch. Mr. Gingham was, in fact, a gentleman, and Mrs. Gingham was, being rather less "well-connected," uncompromisingly genteel. So were the four Miss Ginghams. All our young ladies formed quartettes.

There were four Miss Windsors, four Miss Gibbs, four Miss Shrimptons, four Miss Trees, and four Miss Fontons. Unfortunately their mammas had been much less lavish in presenting their husbands with sons. There was only one young Mr. Windsor, two Mr. Gibbs (who both left Gracechurch early in youth and never returned, so that there might just as well have been none); there were three Mr. Shrimptons, but only the elderly eldest (with a hump) remained at home; there was no Mr. Tree, senior or junior, and the Fonton young man was so small and weakened and swamped by large prancing sisters that one seldom remembered him.

If half-a-dozen families with four sons apiece and no daughters had settled in the town it would have been an act of poetic justice, but nothing of the kind happened. So Mr. Pay had nothing to do in the matter of registering marriages in the genteel circles of Gracechurch, during the twenty years I lived there.

The four Miss Windsors, the four Miss Gibbs, the four Miss Shrimptons, the four Miss Trees, and the four Miss Fontons were all there when we arrived, and they were all there when we left—young ladies when we first saw them, young ladies still when we said good-bye. Twenty years made very little difference in the age of a young lady at Gracechurch. Allusion has been made to the genteel circles of the town, for there were several, intersecting but by no means coinciding.

High over all was, of course, Lord Gracechurch, but so high that he was mostly out of sight. Besides the huge estate there he had two others, and on each of those others was a princely mansion. But Gracechurch Hall was burnt down in George IV.'s time and had never been rebuilt, probably because the Marquess found two big houses enough for him. So he seldom visited his lieges at Gracechurch, and was represented by a viceroy, a cousin of his own, who acted as agent, and reflected his brilliance like a moon.

As one entered the town by the Rentminster road, on one side was the lake, three miles round; for half-a-mile on the other side were the gardens of Gracechurch House, and finally Gracechurch House itself. It was a long, miscellaneous, red-brick building, or rather accretion of buildings, rather like a short street, facing down the garden and resolutely turning its superior back on the town.

A good many windows, indeed, looked townwards, but none of consequence—the schoolroom, the housekeeper's room, the German governess's bedchamber, the gun-room, the butler's pantry, and all the servants' bed-rooms.

Gracechurch House was the highest visible zone of our society, for Lord Gracechurch, as we have explained, soared aloft in the empyrean beyond range of our vision.

Even Gracechurch House was more regal than vice-regal, for Colonel Grace was not only agent but heir-presumptive, his grandfather, Lord Peregrine, having been granduncle to his present lordship, who was childless after years of marriage, and the late Marquess had had no brothers. True, Colonel Grace was elderly, and the reigning peer still young, but it was always pleasantly felt at Gracechurch that Master Peregrine, who had been born among us, was destined to wear a coronet.

The Grace family were far from haughty, and knew every soul in the place by sight and name: but so the Almighty does the stars. No one mistook the friendly interest of Gracechurch

House for ordinary friendship. One may speak of having the honour of being known to the Sovereign, but only an ill-bred subject pretends to "know his Majesty."

Next, geographically, to Gracechurch House came Church Street, but only in order of local proximity. No circle was really next to it. The planes were different. Gracechurch House belonged to the county, and breathed the high serene of Rentshire. All other circles were merely of the town.

To most foreigners this English peculiarity is simply incomprehensible: because no other country has precisely our middle class.

There were goodish houses dotted about in other streets, at the top of St. John's Hill, for instance, and at the beginning of Grace Street, by which one entered the town from the Oxminster Road, but the most genteel were Church Street and Trimpley. (Lord Gracechurch's eldest son, if he had existed, would have been Lord Trimpley.)

Church Street had only one side to it for half its length, the church and churchyard taking up the other half. Opposite were the best houses—where lived the four Miss Gibbs, in what would have been No. 1 if we had condescended to numbering our dwellings, which we didn't: no house was numbered and no house sank to the indignity of labelling itself with its name on gate or gate-post. Next to the Miss Gibbs came Mrs. Jakin, widow of a prehistoric agent of long before Colonel Grace's time. Mrs. Jakin was old enough to remember George III. going mad, and had never given in to the foolish fashion of a crinoline. When we went to Gracechurch several ladies were still wearing out theirs. Mrs. Jakin was a pretty old lady, with a rather positive manner and decisive eyes: she was usually to be seen in her drawing-room window "reading," *i.e.*, sharply taking note of who went by. Her windows had a hardish look like her eyes: and, inside, her house had a cool, shady primness and propriety. Long ago she had lived in Gracechurch House, but though agent, her husband had been no relation of my lord's, and the house had then been about a quarter of its present size; altogether overgrown she now considered it. Mrs. Jakin was inclined to politics, and had her eye, not unsuspiciously, on Dizzy.

Next door was a house almost exactly like, but really smaller, which was the town residence of Miss Broom: who, however, chiefly lived "out of town" with her sister, Mrs. Darrell,

and her brother-in-law, Mr. Darrell, at Overton Lodge. In her drawing-room Miss Broom had a hearth-rug with a life-sized lion worked on it in raised worsted work, which caused me to believe she must be incalculably wealthy. When you (I) went to call she would casually enquire if you (I) were partial to ginger-nuts, and ten minutes later would produce a supply out of a glass cupboard in which you had seen them all along. There was a very large crystal goblet in the cupboard out of which Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton had once drunk bottled stout (it would have held two bottles easily).

"They called," Miss Broom would remark in her disengaged manner, "on papa and happened to be thirsty."

"Was Lord Nelson her father?"

"No, my dear, I believe not. They were merely acquaintances."

Dr. Hart was Miss Broom's neighbour on the side remote from Mrs. Jakin, a clever, sardonic man, with a bitter tongue and a hard head, but a most kindly heart. He was always buying fine new furniture, so that, as the rooms were quite small, you could never do anything but sit still in them as though you had been packed up.

Dr. Hart was a bachelor, past his youth, but he had been engaged to very pretty Lettice Thorn, who died about a week before the date fixed for their wedding.

And that, at last, brings us to Thorn Croft and Miss Fish.

The Thorns who made their home at Thorn Croft might, if they had chosen, have lived upon a good enough estate of their own, twenty miles from Gracechurch, in South Rentshire. But for several generations they had been content to go there now and then for shooting in autumn and winter, or in spring for the Lady Day rent-audit. Probably they were not big enough for their county neighbours, for Rentshire squires are magnates, with twenty and thirty thousand a year. Anyway, the Thorns stuck to Gracechurch and made no effort to pose as county folk. Nevertheless, they had fifteen hundred a year or more from land, and "held themselves up" after a fashion.

About thirty years before we went to Gracechurch, old Abel Thorn died and left two children, Kezia, who was fully grown up, and Fernando, a year or so younger—godson of Sir Fernando Wilkes, a hunting friend of Abel's, and some sort of far-away connection.

Mrs. Thorn was already dead, so the young people were

quite alone. But Kezia was by no means afraid of doing the honours as mistress of the house, and made up her mind to be mistress altogether : for Fernando was barely of age, and young in manners and ideas, of an easy, pliant disposition, not nearly so clever and capable as his sister, on whom he leaned, and in whom (as she took for granted) he confided all his secrets. Old Abel had been "close" in money matters, and Fernando had never had any regular allowance. So he naturally made some unambitious debts, which Kezia paid for him, for she had her own income, having inherited their mother's fortune. She gave the money, and what was more kept her counsel, knowing very well that if she had split on him the old gentleman, who had everything in his own hands, would have left at least half of what he had away from a spendthrift, careless, son, to his prudent, careful daughter. Poor Fernando knew this too, and was thoroughly grateful, especially as his sister scolded him very little, and indeed blamed their father for keeping him "so tight."

"It's worrying having to ask for every guinea you want," she admitted, "and he roars at you when you do ask. I know he does at me when I go for the money for the house-books : though he expects a good table, and asks people in without a word of warning so that one must have something extra in the larder to fall back on."

But Kezia did not really mind being roared at, and had not the least idea of paying house-books out of her own pocket.

So Fernando was grateful, and Kezia depended on his confiding in her. But Fernando was rather weak, and only told his secrets when he could not help it. Now that he was of age, and had twice his sister's income, he kept his own counsel. Having lost no time in repaying his debt to her he considered the gratitude cancelled also.

And he fell in love. Not for one moment did he imagine that any confidence would have made his sister approve of his choice, for he was shrewd in his way, and knew, as he told himself, the measure of Kezia's foot precisely.

Miss Thorn was ambitious for her family, and was keen to see its pretensions more firmly enforced. The estate in South Rentshire had belonged to them for nearly two centuries ; why should they live among farmers and have only the retired farmers of Gracechurch for friends ? Fernando was good-looking, so was she : they both had some education and better

manners than their neighbours; it behoved them to marry advantageously. For her own part Kezia was in no hurry to marry at all. But at school she had known rather well a certain Angela Pratt, who was niece to a baronet, and not penniless either; so she invited Miss Pratt to Thorn Croft (at a season when the Grace family were away in London), and sang her praises to Fernando, and Fernando's to Angela.

Angela may have listened, but Fernando was readier to perceive a slight cast in Miss Pratt's left eye than to remember that Sir Welbore Pratt, of Prattle Magna, was her uncle. He said nothing about the oblique eye to his sister, and was properly civil to her friend, but his own two eyes had lighted on Sal Fish.

Her real name was Sarah Perch, but Kezia knew her well by sight, and invented the doubly-appropriate nickname—for Sarah sold fish about the streets, calling out "Fresh salmon, ma'am, and trout," in a voice that was rich and musical enough, if only Miss Thorn had chosen to note it.

She noted nothing of the kind, nor that Sal had large and lustrous dark eyes (Fernando was almost effeminately fair) as liquid as her voice. Miss Thorn was not disposed to recognize beauty in creatures of that sort.

But Sal's eyes were not only black and shining. They were modest, too, and withal prudent and circumspect. If young Thorn looked at her, she was not afraid to look at him, but there was that in her glance that warned him to be respectful. He took the warning, perhaps he never needed it, and was so respectful that one day Sally Perch found him asking her to be Mrs. Thorn. Why should she object? The lad was a good lad, and comely, for all his girlish fairness; he, too, had a voice of rich tone, unlike his sister's over-metallic hard treble; he was a proper, tall fellow, manly enough in build, and he was earnest and straightforward. He had not the least desire to be a county gentleman, but wanted very much to be happy, and Sally thought she could make him so. If he had a property and a large income it was not his fault, and need not be her misfortune. She did not snap him up at his first offer; but, when he had repeated it often enough to prove his seriousness, she said, "I don't mind. But you'll have Queen Elizabeth to reckon with."

Miss Thorn, we know, was named Kezia, but her future sister-in-law was not the only person who likened her to the masterful Tudor princess.

Fernando shook in his shoes : but he was going to have his own way, and was not, after all, quite so young as when he had borrowed his sister's money.

"I paid her back the first money I had," he told his betrothed. "If she meant to buy me, I didn't mean to sell myself."

"Well, there'll be squalls. But they won't hurt me if they don't hurt you. But don't deceive yourself into thinking she'll ever make the best of me, or make it up with you."

Fernando remembered his sister's thin lips and stone-gray eyes and heaved a sigh ; but he was not equal to thinking of two things at once, and at present he was only anxious to think of Sally.

"You never know," he declared with shallow hopefulness. "She has no one but me, and she's fond of me too. Would next month do?"

Angela Pratt had come for six weeks, and she had stayed two months : her mother had no objection to her extending her visit still further, and Kezia was as hospitable and sanguine as ever. But her friend meekly persisted in now going home.

"Well, if Fernando can't persuade you *I* can't," said Kezia.

Angela sighed inwardly, knowing that Master Fernando had tried very little persuasion.

"He'll miss you when you're gone," his sister declared. "He says you're as good as gold."

"Would it be inconvenient to send me to the coach on Thursday : if you're not using the horses? Papa will be at Rentminster on Thursday, and it's only an hour and a half in the coach from the cross-roads."

"It's never convenient to me to send my friends away," Miss Thorn politely averred, "but of course you can have the horses if go you must. Only you must come back in August : you shall walk with me in the Ladies' Club, and I'll dress your pole. Mine was the prettiest last year."

So on Thursday the horses took Angela to Rugton cross-roads to meet the coach, and Fernando very civilly offered to see her so far on her way. There would have been room for Kezia, too, but she diplomatically excused herself and stayed at home to try on a new gown and "make up her books."

When the chariot returned, the coachman sent in word that

Mr. Thorn had gone on to Rentminster, and wouldn't be back till to-morrow. Kezia was surprised: was he really more sly than she had given him "credit for," and had he been more willing to flirt with her friend when she was not standing over them?

Kezia drank tea with Mrs. Windsor over the way and praised her brother and her friend, who, as Mrs. Windsor and all the four Miss Windsors knew, was own niece to Sir Welbore Pratt, of Prattle Magna.

Thorn Croft is just at the edge of the town, and stands in large, old-fashioned gardens. Over the road is a house of much the same size, but grey and gaunt, whereas Thorn Croft is a mellow, ruddy building of Queen Anne's time. The Windsors held themselves equal to the Thorns, for they owned their big farm out in the country, and had another house there better than Stone Lodge—but they preferred living in Gracechurch where they could see more company; and young Windsor, who may have liked bachelor freedom, was well content that his mother and sisters should not always be tied to his coat-tails. The Windsors were much fonder of Fernando than of his sister, whom they called "high and upsettin'": but Kezia did not desire their fondness for herself, and was resolute to defend her brother from too much of it.

When Miss Thorn was gone, Mrs. Windsor shook her brown curls much as a spaniel does when he gets out of the water.

"She wants us to think it'll be a match," she said warmly, "but don't tell me! Fernando don't care for baronets, squint or no squint."

"Ma!" expostulated her daughter Rachel, "no one says 'squint' now: it's only a *cast* the poor thing has."

"Cast indeed!" bristled her mother. "Let 'em cast as they like, it's a fly as Nandy Thorn won't rise to. Call me a liar else."

Rachel wished her mama would not be vulgar: but Mrs. Windsor did not mind being vulgar. What she hated was to be imposed on.

"Only it'd take three Kezia Thorns to do it," she protested.

Kezia went serenely home; and serenely plumed herself on having dashed any matrimonial hopes the Windsor family might have conceived.

"All said and done they're only gentlemen-farmers," she considered, whereas the Thorns, though owning land, had never farmed it.

Next morning Kezia attended to her household duties, and proceeded to dust the drawing-room. It was a pretty room, with a quantity of fine old china, too precious to trust to a maid's heavy hands. Though she did not know it, Mrs. Windsor was again talking of her over the way.

"Whether that silly Billy lets himself be dragooned into marrying that squint-eyed baronet or no——" she was saying.

"Mama, baronets don't go in the female line," urged Rachel, "and anyway, Miss Pratt is only Sir Welbore's niece——"

"Very well. If he likes to marry in the female line let him. Only don't any of *you* think of him! His mother died in a madhouse: and none o' *my* grandchildren shall be lunatics while I can forbid the banns. Nandy's too soft to go crazy; but Kezia's that tempestuous I shouldn't wonder—for all her sharpness. She plays fine lady and talks pretty, but her temper's beyond anything. When they painted the chariot green as she'd ordered yaller, she fairly frightened the man that took it home. 'Yeller!' he told me. 'She's a yeller, Mum, as you could hear all across the road.'"

"She bit me once when we were playing hare and hounds, years ago," said Carry, the second daughter.

"And it's well you didn't go mad," declared the old lady, emphatically.

But Kezia, in dignified unconsciousness, did not even feel her left ear burning, and dusted the china figures daintily.

She had just finished, when the sound of footsteps on the gravel caught her always alert attention, and she stepped to a front window to see who could be calling at so ungenteeled an hour.

There was Fernando, very spruce, with a flower in his button-hole and white gloves on his hands: "Sal Fish" leaning on his arm, in a decent pale silk gown, a white lace bonnet, and gloves of the same fateful colour. The bride's expression was not meek, though quiet and self-possessed, and her eye met Kezia's without quailing, which was, perhaps, more than could be said for Fernando's.

But he coughed, nervously it must be said, and drew his wife quickly to the hall door which stood open, and brought her straight into the room.

Sally dropped a curtsey, not really defiantly, though Kezia took it so, and withdrew her arm from her husband's.

"Tell your sister," she said, firmly.

"We were married in Rentminster yesterday," he explained,

standing for a moment, it must be confessed, on one leg, and smiling rather feebly.

"It's a lie!" screamed Kezia, a blinding scarlet flush covering her thin face to the eyes and over.

"Nay, Miss Thorn, it's no lie," said her sister-in-law.

"You say so!" shrieked Kezia, "then you're a liar too!"

"Come!" said Fernando, standing square enough on both his feet, and reddening too, "call me what you like; but keep your tongue off my wife. She's your sister, and if my father was alive, she'd be his daughter."

"If father was alive you'd never have dared—coward!" his sister literally shouted.

To do him justice, Fernando did not look cowardly.

"Abuse me up hill and down dale," he said, "but all the abuse in the world won't alter it. We're married. And we're come home to live. Live here too and welcome. But stop making a noise, and hold your tongue off Sally."

Kezia stood for one moment rigid, and then, with a quick twist upon her feet she turned hither and thither about the room, and dashed with sweep after sweep of her furious arm all the pretty and precious china off tables, and cabinets, and chimney-piece, to the floor, till it was littered with worthless fragments.

Young Mrs. Thorn watched her with a queer look, more than half compassionate, almost half compunctious, for she, too, knew of the taint of madness in her husband's blood and his sister's. Fernando from red grew pale; but it was the paleness of anger. He did not know that his mother and Kezia's had died mad: he thought it all sheer wicked passion and temper.

Kezia was never wholly sane again. She never was shut up—thanks to her sister-in-law, who would not hear of it. But for a time she needed restraint at home. And her wits ever after were unhinged. All the same she married—what is more, she eloped—five years later, with a man younger than herself who was very innocent of baronets in his pedigree, which began with his father, an attorney of Rentminster. He was not over handsome, but he had a smooth and oily tongue, and succeeded in cajoling Miss Thorn into believing that her eight hundred a year was safer in his keeping than it would be if she left herself in her brother's hands. He gave her to understand, also, that Fernando called her an old maid—and she but eight-and-twenty; and took it for granted that she would never marry,

but be content to play maiden aunt to his little Nandy and Lettice. Kezia's money was all at her own disposal, and she and Mr. Sellar bought Kimhill, which came just then into the market: a small new country house with some goodish rooms and a magnificent view. Mr. Kim, who built it, had lately died insolvent, and they took over furniture and all. On taking up her residence there, Mrs. Sellar received three or four large cases by the carrier, addressed in her sister-in-law's handwriting, with compliments and best wishes. They contained all the fragments of the china Kezia had smashed five years before: and report maintained that she spent the rest of her life sorting and piecing them together.

No doubt young Mrs. Thorn and Kezia always hated each other. But Sal Fish had sanity and reasonable conduct on her side, and got altogether the best of it. Everyone in Gracechurch knew she had cried fish in the streets, and everyone respected her. She made a man of her husband, and his home was thoroughly happy.

But he died a few years before we went to Gracechurch, and his daughter survived him less than twelve months. Young Nandy was dying too when we first knew him, and then his mother was left alone.

When I went to call (mostly to thank for some kind present) I would sit on a square stool by the fire; and the mark of my small head, where it leant against the wall, is still there, they tell me, after five-and-forty years—for I was but seven years old then.

Presently Mrs. Sellar would be announced, nearer sixty than fifty now, and would sail in, with a monstrous show of cordiality, all smiles and bowings and scrapings, as mad as a March hare, and be received with a bristly politeness.

Sal Fish was never glad to see her, and would not pretend to be. What even a child could see was that Kezia was frightened of her.

She would sit, very finely dressed, mopping and mowing, winking at the fire, and sometimes at me, pretending to be inwardly diverted by her homely sister-in-law. Presently the homely sister-in-law would turn coolly to look at her, without interrupting her knitting, but with a full turn of her body in her chair, as she would say:

"Fidgetty to-day! Full moon maybe."

And Kezia would collapse.

JOHN AYSCOUGH.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

The Bishop's Bomb-shell.

NOT the least pleasing effect of a Coronation celebration is that it leads Englishmen to abandon their habitual stand-off, and join together in a friendly intercourse which in many cases does not pass away with the occasion. Even the bitterness of political opposition, nay, even the more deep-rooted separations born of religious dissensions, are abated at such times, and men find means by which, without sacrifice of convictions, they can meet their neighbours on common ground and learn to understand them better. Viewed from this stand-point, we cannot but regret, as involving much more than a mere domestic controversy among Anglicans, or between Anglicans and Nonconformists, the Bishop of Hereford's project of including in the coming Coronation celebrations what has been called a "united Communion" in Hereford Cathedral. "I propose," he says in his Diocesan Magazine for last month, "to invite to a united communion service both the members of our own Church and also such of our Nonconformist neighbours and friends as may feel moved to join in our worship on this unique occasion." Can the Bishop have foreseen the intense opposition on conscientious grounds which his proposal must arouse among a large number of his fellow-Anglicans, or the consequent desire to follow the example set in other places, which would be sure to seize their opponents? Can he have foreseen that the inevitable tendency of his action, unless the good sense of the community succeeds in counter-acting it, must be to add to the bonfires on the hills, the fires of controversy on the plains, as among the distinctive features of a celebration intended to remind us of our oneness as a people? Surely the Coronation of a new sovereign is the worst, not the best, occasion to choose out for an experiment of this kind.

However, we must take the fact as it is, and we are referring to it now as one of those occasional occurrences which fall like

bomb-shells upon the tranquillity of Anglican self-complacency, and set in strong relief the hopelessness of the present Anglican position. The *Times*, in a leader which may be taken to express the more popular feeling of the moment, finds it hard to understand what objection any one can take to a service which, as it shows, is not without an historical precedent in its favour—namely, the united Communion of the New Testament Revisers in 1870, to which even the High Church *Guardian* gave its blessing.

Nothing, it seems to us [says the *Times* leader for May 18th], is of greater promise for the pacification of disputes between class and class, for the cooling of those heats which politicians so easily generate in our constitutional and social machinery, than the effort made in several dioceses, with the concurrence of the local Nonconformist leaders, to arrange services in which Nonconformists can join with Anglicans without being at every turn impressed with suggestions that they are aliens from the commonwealth of Christianity.

And Canon Hensley Henson,—for whose opinions, it is true, few have much respect—deems what the Bishop has done so obviously justified by the first principles of Christian charity, that he thinks he can sufficiently shame the objectors by narrating to them what an eminent Nonconformist once said on the subject.

That eminent Baptist minister, Robert Hall, on one occasion presented himself for Communion in a Particular Baptist church, he himself being a General Baptist. An official politely indicated to him that he could not be admitted to the Sacrament as not belonging to the denomination. "I thought this was the Lord's Supper," he rejoined; "if it is only your Supper, I have no wish to remain." His Lordship [that is, the Bishop of Winchester, whose words we shall quote presently] will appreciate the gravity of treating the Holy Communion as the peculium of the Anglican Church.

Lord Halifax, on the other hand, in the protest addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, in which he conceives himself to be duly expressing "the distress felt by [the English Church Union] and by many thousands of the loyal members of the Church of England" declares that the Bishop of Hereford's action

appears to them inconsistent with the primary duty of a Bishop, which is to guard the Faith and Sacraments of the Church, in the eyes of

Catholic Christendom, and to be tantamount to a declaration, so far as depends on the action of an individual Bishop, that the Church, of which he is one of the chief Pastors, is indifferent to the sin of heresy and schism . . . it is the case of an invitation addressed by a Bishop of the Church to persons who are separated from the communion of the Church, and repudiate the teaching of the Church, to take part in the most solemn of the Church's ordinances. It is conduct which is in direct contradiction to all the principles which have governed the Church from the beginning, in regard to the administration of the Sacraments.

Between these extremes, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Winchester, in Convocation, have timidly sided with Lord Halifax, the latter by citing the rubric in the Confirmation service ("that none be admitted to communion but such as are confirmed, or be ready and desirous of being confirmed,") and contending that "behind that rubric there was a principle which recognized that participation in the Communion was only intended for the children of the Church," the former by guardedly expressing his opinion that "the particular action of the Bishop of Hereford was likely, . . . whatever might be said as to its legality, to retard and hamper the cause for which they all cared." Such episcopal attempts to extinguish the flames of a theological conflagration are quite according to rule in the Anglican communion, and somehow or other they usually succeed, notwithstanding the intensity of the heat generated, and so it will doubtless be in the present instance.

As outside spectators of this controversy, whose sympathies are much more with Lord Halifax than with Dr. Percival, we must agree with the Bishop of Winchester that a question of principle underlies the divergence of views which has caused this disturbance. The Bishop of Winchester does not indeed state the principle to which he refers, and his omission to do so may make us doubt if his grasp of its character is very firm. But is not the principle this? There are two conceptions of the nature of religious truth which divide the adherents of the Anglican communion. One is that all religious beliefs are only expressions of personal opinion, and ought not therefore to be regarded as more than probably true. From this conception the logical conclusion is that differences of belief are inevitable among Christians, but that just on that account they should be allowed to affect as little as possible the external relations of Christians among themselves, and above all should not be

allowed to divide them in their approach to the Divine Lord whom all equally acknowledge. From those who are absorbed in this mode of conception it is to be expected that the scandal of religious division should seem to be the scandal of allowing differences of belief to be a motive for setting up different sects which will not worship together. The other conception is that religious truths are not to be regarded as religious opinions based on merely personal judgments, but are doctrines that have been communicated to man by divine revelation through Jesus Christ, who has further provided an authoritative means or Rule of Faith, easy of application in itself, by which the knowledge of this divine revelation is infallibly secured to each generation. From this starting point it follows with equal logic that those who have placed themselves under this rule of authority should wish to see the benefits of sacramental communion restricted to persons who conform their belief and practice to its dictates—though endeavouring to judge charitably of those whose religious errors may be accepted in good faith.

It may, perhaps, be thought that in drawing this distinction, which undoubtedly accords with the prevailing practice, we are seeking to contrast the religious principles which lie at the foundation of Protestantism and Catholicism respectively. In a sense this is so, but it would be more correct to say that the contrast is between the Liberal and the Dogmatic principles. Old-fashioned Protestantism accepted the principle of an authoritative Rule of Faith, just as Catholicism does, only that it sought this Rule in the Bible privately interpreted, instead of in the Bible and Tradition with the Church for the supreme judge of controversies. Hence the outbreak of these numerous sects which in their origins were all based on the principle that truth is of more importance even than unity. It was only when this more ancient Protestant Rule of Faith broke down under the experience that it led only to divisions, that the modern Liberal principle came into favour, and the feeling grew that, as unity of religious profession and worship could no longer be based on the certitude of truth attained, it was best to base it on the consciousness that certitude of truth is unattainable. This is the principle of liberalism in religion. Obviously it is a principle which must ultimately destroy belief in Christianity altogether, but even now it has gone a long way in relaxing its hold on many minds in the Anglican and still more in the Nonconformist communions, as the judgments evoked by this Hereford incident prove.

S. F. S.

The Hundred Best Catholic Books.

The fact that no individual or board of experts will ever be able to decide absolutely which are the "hundred best books," does not render the attempt organized by our esteemed contemporary, *The Catholic Times*, to settle by *plébiscite* of its readers the hundred best Catholic books, any less interesting and instructive. It must have revealed to many Catholics the existence of good books of which they were ignorant; it also revealed, as was to be expected, a strange variety of taste and culture. We do not propose to discuss the final list in any detail, but simply to make some reflections upon the idea itself of taking a popular vote about a matter of this sort, with which both religion and literature are closely concerned.

Of the four main words in the title of the proposed list, it was only the first that stood in no further need of definition. Before a discussion could be methodically started, the exact meaning in this connection of "book," "Catholic," and "best," should have been clearly set forth. But as soon as we attempt to define, our difficulties begin. What is a book? Littré says it is "an intellectual composition in prose or verse, of sufficient length to make, at least, one volume." But he does not tell us what length is sufficient to make a volume. Francis Thompson's famous *Dublin Review* article on Shelley, which occupied twenty-five 8vo pages of that periodical, has been reprinted and bound, with notes, introduction, and Index, and an ample margin, and in this form runs to almost four times the length. Has that article become a book? And is Alison's *History of Europe* in twenty 8vo volumes still a single book? Who shall resolve these riddles? Moreover, the definition should surely take account of the author. An American bookseller advertises a volume called *Twenty Short Stories by Catholic Authors*. This is, of course, a book, in one sense, but hardly in the sense required for the determining of our list. So we should add to the definition "from a single hand," including such collaboration as reveals no distinction of authorship. For ideal purposes of comparison, unity of authorship should combine, not only with uniformity of length, but also with unity of subject, but that ideal is clearly unattainable. The author who writes a volume of essays *de omni re scibili* must enter the lists against the stern monographist who confines his researches to the digestive apparatus of a particular parasite on one special variety of beetle.

Our task is perhaps easier when we come to the term "Catholic," because a negative definition is all that is called for. There are some subjects into which religion, or at any rate, a distinctive religion, does not enter, yet they may have a claim to be represented on the list. But, although non-Catholics may very well write what is unexceptionable from a Catholic stand-point, only professing members of the visible Church, we presume, would be eligible. And, since many Catholics through ignorance or malice have written what in tone or substance, in bulk or in detail, is un-Catholic, we must require, besides membership of the Church, strict accordance with the teaching of that Church in matters of faith and conduct, or, put negatively, the avoidance of any proposition which cannot be harmonized with Catholic teaching. This list, if applied strictly, would rule out some books, we fancy, which find themselves on the *Catholic Times* list. The late Marion Crawford, gifted writer though he was, had not always a perfectly sure grasp of Christian ethics: in *Greifenstein*, if we remember right, he seems to condone the practice of the duel, and similar false principles are traceable in others of his works. But this requirement enters more fully into the meaning of the third and last term, "best."

"Best," grammarians tell us, is merely the superlative of "good," so our business really is to determine what is a "good" book, in the sense demanded here.

A thing is good which substantially conforms to the standard of rectitude of its kind: its goodness is determined by reference to its type. Here we are speaking of literary compositions which, like everything that appeals to the human intelligence, have an ethical bearing as well. Thus an all-round good book must, (1) in form, attain a certain standard of literary excellence, and, in substance, (2) have a worthy purpose and fulfil it, (3) in harmony with truth divinely made known and with ethical standards divinely established. It should, in other words, combine in due proportion the Beautiful, the True, and the Good. The Catechism, for instance, is both true and good, but, as a matter of fact, it has no pretensions to literary form, so that it could find no place on the list. On the other hand, the truths it contains when dealt with by a Newman or a Faber become literature as well. Truth and goodness as moral qualities are inseparable, so that the whole question ultimately turns on what is "literature."

We may say at once that much on the *Catholic Times* list is not literature, and its inclusion there can only be justified by the fact, if fact it is, that there is no literature to take its place. Could a list of a hundred books be formed which should all be Catholic and classic as well? We do not doubt it but, in this question, personal taste is deeply involved, and a very wide reference is necessary to neutralize its effects. Time generally sifts the ephemeral from the immortal by showing what writing has a universal appeal, though even here, as Mr. John Ayscough has pointed out,¹ the verdict of Time is not irreversible. But behind the fluctuations of taste there are certain canons of art, to which what would be classical must conform. To determine these and how they are to be applied in the present instance would carry us beyond the scope of these desultory remarks, which are meant merely to emphasize the main conditions of the problem.

J. K.

The Legend of a mediæval Mrs. Proudie.

The desire of a particular school of High-Churchmen to identify themselves with the ecclesiastical system of mediæval England involves many curious consequences, but perhaps none more curious than the assumption that this country in the twelfth, thirteenth, and even the fifteenth century, possessed a lawfully married clergy. Of course if earnest adherents of the Continuity theory are perverse enough to believe this just for their own private satisfaction, there is nothing more to be said, but when they profess to quote evidence for their convictions, and publish it for the instruction of simple-minded persons who desire to be confirmed in the same view, it is much to be wished that such writers would conform to the ordinary laws of straightforwardness and veracity which govern historical investigations in purely secular matters. A rather striking instance happens to have come under our notice in looking through one of the series of *Handbooks of English Church History*, recently published by Methuen and Co. The volume, which is contributed by the Rev. Arthur C. Jennings, Rector of King's Stanley, Stonehouse, is entitled *the Mediæval Church and the Papacy*. On p. 50, after the writer has spoken more than once of "De Puiset of Durham, the mightiest prelate of the day, and a great-grandson of William I." he remarks:

It may be observed here that England had shown herself in past times indifferent to the rule of clerical celibacy, and that no change was

¹ See "Fickle Fame" in *THE MONTH* for April, 1911.

effected by the enhanced pretensions of the canon law. De Puiset was a married man, like his predecessors Geoffrey, Rufus, and Ralph Flambard in the period before Gratian's Decretum.

He also adds in a footnote that "A London Synod in 1102 prohibited *for the first time* the marriage of the clergy." (Italics ours). Now we have no intention of discussing the large subject of clerical celibacy in England during the Middle Ages, but the mention of Bishop Hugh Pudsey's name raises a definite issue of detail, and as no one who has visited Durham Cathedral is likely to have forgotten his splendid architectural work, it may be worth while to make a few brief comments upon the subject here.

The whole matter is so simple that there is no reason to do more than quote a single footnote of Bishop Stubbs. That Hugh Pudsey had had children and that he was a prelate of a rather secular type no one could dream of disputing, but that is a very different thing from saying that the Prince Bishop of Durham in 1190 was "a married man." After remarking in the text that "Adelidis, the mother of one at least of the Bishop (Pudsey)'s children was a lady of the great house of Percy" Bishop Stubbs adds in a footnote—we take the liberty of italicizing some clauses :

According to William of Newburgh (v. 11) the bishop was father of three sons by *three different ladies* [he must certainly have been a very much married man] *before he took priest's orders*, but as one of the persons called by the historians his sons, was his nephew Bouchard, Archdeacon of Durham, the rest of the story may be apocryphal. Two sons he is known to have had, of both of whom Adelaide may have been the mother, as she certainly was of his son Henry. This Henry gave Stockdale to Sallay Abbey "pro salute animae meae et Adelidis de Perci matris meae." Adelidis de Percy, had another son named Alan de Morvill. . . . *She probably had married a Morvill after Hugh became a bishop.*¹

It will be sufficient to add that the writer of the long account of Hugh Pudsey in the *Dictionary of National Biography* supports in every detail the account thus given by Bishop Stubbs. Though we do not know the ages of the three alleged sons, we have at least proof that Hugh, the youngest of the three, "was chancellor to Louis VII. of France in 1179, and attests charters of Philip Augustus from 1180 to 1185, in which

¹ Stubbs, Preface to vol. iii. of *Houeden's Chronicle*, p. xxxiv.

latter year he died."¹ It is not likely that a man would be made Chancellor before the age of twenty-five, but if Hugh Pudsey the younger was twenty-five in 1179, he must have been born at latest in 1154, the year his father became Bishop. Further, the primary authority for the statements in which we are interested was a very careful and conscientious chronicler, a contemporary, who lived in Yorkshire, knew Durham well, and finished writing his history less than three years after Bishop Pudsey died. Now this chronicler, William of Newburgh, criticizes Hugh Pudsey severely, and condemns him for his worldliness, but in the very act of doing so he declares in the plainest terms first that "a little time before he became Bishop he had begotten three *bastard* sons by different mothers" (*paulo ante episcopatum diversis ex matribus tres spurios fuderat*), and secondly, that "during the time of his bishopric [he became Bishop at the age of twenty-nine] he had no children" (*Porro in episcopatu sobolem minime procreavit*).² Can it be necessary to point out further that if Adelaide, the mother of Pudsey's eldest son, married and had children by one of the Morevilles, as Bishop Stubbs and the writer in the *Dictionary of National Biography* believe, she cannot have been regarded as the Bishop's lawful wife, for Pudsey lived for forty years after his youngest son was born, and we presume that even Mr. Jennings will hesitate to maintain that in the Middle Ages lawfully married wives could select new husbands at will.

H. T.

Reviews.

I.—MYSTICISM.³

WE remember our boyhood being worried by Shelley's lines:

Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity
Until Death tramples it to fragments. . . .

Doubtless the latent fear was there, that the "white radiance" would turn out to be but "the light of common day," and we

¹ *Dictionary of National Biography*, vol. xlvii. p. 16.

² William of Newburgh, *Chronicon*, bk. v. cap. ii. (Rolls Series Ed. vol. ii. p. 440.)

³ *A Study in the Nature and Development of Man's Spiritual Consciousness*. By Evelyn Underhill. London: Methuen and Co. Pp. xi, 600. Price, 15s. net. 1911.

preferred the prism. Miss Underhill would console us ; and the love of rainbow multiplicity is suited indeed to the gusty days of adolescence, but also to the "unstable," passionate soul of the artist—even, on a different plane, to the man of science—though *his* analysis may, at times, slay the soul. But each alike has transcended the confused "apprehension" of the vulgar crowd, and reached a divisive judgment, a *xpiens*, and therein is the wiser. But the re-gathering of the many into One, the splendid syllogism, is for the philosopher who can contemplate the whole still conscious of its parts ; and better still for the mystic, who is concerned not only with modes of consciousness, even "cosmic," but with a new mode of life. For Aristotle, even, the world had become "transfigured" (note the fine section in *Mysticism*, pp. 304—318); and we are bold to recall the charming verses which preface Chesterton's *Napoleon* : but the mystic's business is to *be*.

This mode of life Miss Underhill sets out to examine, never forgetting that to Angela of Foligno "it seemeth to be evil speaking and blasphemy," even to attempt to tell of these things. *Expertus potest credere*. Only the philosopher can judge the pleasure of philosophy;¹ only the Christian can appreciate Christ. Our noblest impulses may look silly written down ; our sharpest-felt truths, platitudes. The authoress is well conscious how hardly may a student fully grasp the meaning of high moods which are not his as he reads, nor even hers as she writes : she has wisely filled her pages with long and admirably chosen quotations from those who have spoken with lips still aflame with the seraph's fire.

In the first part, *Mysticism* is discussed in itself, in its relations to vital forces, psychology, theology, symbolism, magic—pages full of unusual and striking information, and of philosophy somewhat less impressive. In the second is traced the fairly constant track of the developing transcendent consciousness—the "awakening of the self," with all the bizarre phenomena of "conversion ;" the "purification of the self," and its "illumination." The "unitive way," as we have come to call it, is studied with digressions upon "voices and visions," the prayer of "quiet," and "contemplation," on ecstasy and rapture. The *Dark Night of the Soul* is naturally the penultimate phase investigated. There is a good historical outline of European mysticism from the Christian era to Blake ; an astonishingly rich bibliography, and an excellent Index.

¹ Plato, *Rep.* 580—583.

For two things, mainly, we have cause to be grateful to Miss Underhill. First, she forces us by her "outside" criticism from our habitual grooves of thought. Even when we are familiar with her material, we are stirred, so to say, to pleased alertness by the freshness of outlook upon our heirlooms which we observe in this talented and sympathetic guest within our halls, for so, at least when she treats of Catholic mysticism, we may without arrogance consider her. Use and wont have not blunted her perceptions, nor convention deflected them. Thus she at once discerns how true a mystic was St. Ignatius of Loyola. Accustomed merely to routine selections from the great works we no more read, we are glad to be re-introduced to passages like those on pp. 293, 304, 313, from Bernard, Suso, Rose of Lima. And once more it is driven home that despite great names like Teresa, John of the Cross, the Catherines, the North is after all the best nursing-mother of mystics; there is the whole German school, exquisitely delicate and homely, naïve and strong; there are the English writers, now winning their way back to Catholic homes—Richard Rolle, Juliana of Norwich, Gertrude More. There are, however, the great Arabian mystics, if they can bear the name aright, with whom we move half suspicious, because wholly perplexed; and those again whom we cannot but feel in some measure *mystiques manqués*, Boehme, George Fox, Blake.¹ We are proud to see Coventry Patmore's name recurrent: the *Hound of Heaven* is not only ascetic but holds the purest elements of Mysticism: Miss Underhill has not failed to notice that Father Poulain's book has been translated, and she has marked Father Sharpe's smaller volume.

Secondly, it is the *vastness* of the mystic that strikes us. What a world is here opened beyond the average narrow sphere of ordered devotion and half-hearted service! The toughness of soul of the true mystic! The stupendous "work" he affords! (Miss Underhill wisely emphasizes his

¹ A Catholic will admire in the high experiences of those "not of the household" partly, as it were, the homing instinct of birds lost upon a waste of waters, but even more the condescension of God's grace, which goes forth to seek and to save, soliciting a return; a mercy greater even than was his who saw the prodigal while yet a great way off, and descended, and ran; for here the Father journeys Himself into the far country, and retrieves His beloved from the famine and the husks. And who shall decide—provided always it evoke that amount of penitent self-surrender which a belief in "*God that doth reward*" implies—what exterior manner of response that grace shall exact? And, alas, with what rebuffs may it not meet?

robust sense, and (usually) his practical altruism, pp. 210, 236, &c). If not admiration, then self-pity must be our mood (p. 112) as we watch his giant's wrestlings with realities we are too small to see: no wonder, too, that he is long to reach true equilibrium in the astounding atmospheres to which he soars, that his tiltings, plunges, retrievings tend to anger us even *while* we admire; that the inchoate saint seems oftentimes scandalous and ugly, because misunderstood (pp. 244, 256, 275, &c.). Yet how constantly are we impressed that in Catholic mysticism (and its porch, asceticism) alone is the psychic balance found and kept: the Neoplatonists and Gnostics and Illuminists generally have gone strangely and falsely high, only to race the lower towards the fantastic and obscene. But even at this perverse level, what new vistas does not the ordinary language of these souls indicate to us—the pendulum of God, the Game of God: the “spiral,” and “the dance of the soul”! What ails us that we do not make this, our birthright, more thoroughly our own!

Must we find faults? We have feared, more than once, that the exposition was too fluent; the words too glib to convey substantial thought. Certainly the history needs a tonic: the Neoplatonists often,¹ Philonism (p. 543), the “year 1000” (p. 546), are touched on with real inaccuracy; all p. 127 is very loose: and we regret that Miss Underhill is perhaps too little familiar with the Greek philosophers, and certainly with the Greek Fathers. What opportunities are lost of quoting from, *e.g.*, the Alexandrian Cyril concerning the mystic hunger and communion. May not alliterative epigrams, again, cheat reflection? “Magic wants to get; mysticism, to give” (p. 84)—but how inadequate. Mme. Guyon’s devotion is that “of the weathercock rather than of the windmill” (p. 221). But, “windmill-devotion”! Is not the professional dialect—quest,

¹ It were out of place to insist that from the Neoplatonists—whose system, moreover, was one of *annihilation* of the lower in favour of, rather than its *education* into, the higher, and was exclusive neither of *magic*, nor of *myth*—Christian mysticism took, not its ideals, nor ideas, still less its force, but at most a language, and that largely one of metaphors. All true essential elements of mysticism were asserted when Christ, Paul, and John taught, in varying symbolism, the supernatural union of the Father, through the Son, with souls. The vine, the branches: the head, the body: the bridegroom, the bride: here is all mysticism. And texts like 1 John iii. 2, iv. 13; Apoc. ii. 17, iii. 20; 2 Peter i. 4, were ample to initiate, did they not already witness to, a whole process of mystical effort and experience. Here, as elsewhere, Christian life assimilated the assimilable, rejected the poisonous, developed, and remained itself.

transcendence, ultimate—a little too insistent? capital letters too frequent? In note 1, p. 345, is J. K. Huysman's very special brand of humour understood? Yet the mystics have, as a rule, a sound sense of humour! Sometimes, too, we fear lest recondite sources are assigned to ideas or phrases due, really, to the New, or even Old, Testament (but p. 300, n. 1, is good). And the authoress is woefully astray on the subject of asceticism, its necessity no less than its nature.

We must indicate, as from our standpoint, one or two features which we cannot discuss. For instance, no one can properly explain, still less *understand*, Catholic mystics unless they take them at their own valuation—that is, as the children of a Church which in a real sense is unique, the *only* "guaranteed" source of light and spiritual transformation. A Teresa never dreamt of "taking up an attitude" merely, towards the universe; construing her world in terms of her "genius" for the transcendent. Thus Mrs. Cunninghame Graham's book is charming, but will never reach the real soul of Teresa's spirituality (cf. pp. 131, 259, &c.). St. Douceline is not really comparable with Plato (p. 260). The Catholic notion of the *supernatural*, at least in its relation to natural exigencies or possibilities, is overlooked: the rôle of "grace" appears pre-scinded from; is the all-surpassing place, in Catholic life, of the Incarnation, adequately realized? In her least satisfactory chapter (i. v.) Miss Underhill shows her little love for theology—it is useful, or may be necessary, but remains "denominational," not "cosmic." Well, her book suffers, we fear, for the lack of it, as a human body would, deprived of its hideous and mercifully-hidden skeleton. It wants knitting together, firmer foundations. It has not been guided into "all truth;" for the true religion is "Catholic" in this too, that on *every* plane it possesses reality—that what is mystically true, will be true intellectually also, and historically also.

We are grateful for the learning, and sympathy, and noble aspiration of this volume. It is a symptom of, and a response to, the strange modern tendency towards the spiritual that none can ignore. *Quae tanta iam, quanta mox?*

2.—MEANS OF SOCIAL STUDY.¹

This book is a veritable library for the study of the social condition of France, and, to a less degree, of that of the world at large. Out of its 920 pages, 733 are devoted to the land of its origin, whilst the rest of Europe, America, North and South, and Asia are summarized in 152 pages. Thus it will be seen that the latter portion must be somewhat developed before the epithet "Internationale" is fully justified. On the other hand, if all the other States received the full treatment accorded to France, what is a library in effect would become a library in bulk as well. We take it, therefore, that the compilers' object is to give a detailed account of the sociological condition of France during the past year, whilst presenting summaries, drafted by various correspondents, of the main social features of other countries. But the very minuteness of treatment which France receives necessitates frequent comparison with other countries, so that incidentally a good deal of foreign statistical knowledge about those lands is conveyed.

The work is a mine of well-organized information. It is divided into six main parts, *La Famille*, *Le Syndicalisme*, *L'État et la Protection des Travailleurs*, *Le Socialisme Français*, *La Coopération*, *La Mutualité et l'Assurance contre les Risques*, under each of which is ranged a large number of further divisions and sub-divisions. Thus, under the heading *La Famille*, questions of population (births and deaths), housing, health, social and moral education (regarding drink, gambling, etc.), cost of living, are discussed, with a special section devoted to the Women's Question in its widest sense. In this way a vast extent of ground is covered. Full statistical information, legislation, actual and prospective, and, finally, an exhaustive modern bibliography, are contained in each section. The result is a wonderfully clear view of the actual state of things, for all items are as up-to-date as possible.

The object of this great mass of information is, of course, to make the way clear for remedial effort where called for, to obviate useless or harmful exertion, and to prevent overlapping. In the wise words of the Preface,

Mais l'action sociale, la bonne, la vraie, la sûre, ne s'improvise pas. Sur ce terrain-là, mieux vaut ne rien faire que faire des riens ou faire

¹ Année Sociale Internationale : 1911. Reims : Action Populaire. Pp. 920. Price, 9 francs.

les choses de travers ; de grands intérêts, ceux de l'Eglise d'abord, sont en jeu, que des ignorances ou des maladresses, même bien intentionnées, compromettraient gravement. Donc, il faut apprendre avant d'agir : les bonnes idées engendrent seules l'action juste et féconde. *L'Année sociale* ambitionne de répandre les unes pour susciter l'autre.

This is only the second year of this skilfully-planned publication. Except in general arrangement, the matter it contains is wholly new. As a source of reference, owing to its exhaustive character and the excellent indexes with which it is equipped, its utility is permanent. We congratulate its compilers, the authorities of the *Action Populaire* and their staff, on the production of a work of great and lasting value.

3—CAMBRIDGE LITURGICAL HANDBOOKS.¹

The Cambridge University Press has lately started a series of Handbooks of which, if we confine ourselves for the moment to their general conception and execution, we can only speak in terms of warm commendation. The names of the editors, Dr. H. B. Swete and Dr. Srawley, are, to begin with, a guarantee that the tone of these volumes will not be narrowly confessional or coloured with anti-Roman polemics. It is also, we conceive, of good omen that the volumes now before us, the two earliest to appear, are contributed by Bishops of the Scottish Episcopal Church, the late Dr. John Dowden and Dr. A. J. Maclean, Bishop of Moray. Dr. Dowden, whose book, though completed and sent to press, never received his final corrections owing to its author's lamented death, writes upon *The Church Year and Calendar*, while Dr. Maclean, whose name has long been well known in this class of studies from its connection with the *Testament of our Lord*, has given us a singularly concise and useful little manual upon *The Ancient Church Orders*. Dr. Dowden's volume in its general scope covers much the same ground as that included in Dr. Kellner's *Heortologie*, of which an English translation was recently reviewed in these pages. From the fact that it did not receive the author's final touches, we ought not perhaps to criticize Dr. Dowden's text too narrowly. The good points of the book are to be found in its

¹ (1) *The Ancient Church Orders*. By A. J. Maclean, D.D. Pp. xii, 182.

(2) *The Church Year and Calendar*. By J. Dowden, D.D. Cambridge University Press. Pp. xxvi, 160. Price, 4s. each. 1910.

more general features, the arrangement, breadth of outlook, and Catholic tone. The defects are mostly such as subsequent revision and a careful correction of proofs would, we may hope, have removed or mitigated. For example, we regret the use of the term "Martyrology" in connection with the lists of Philocalus, and we think that in view of Karl Meister's criticisms we ought to speak less positively about the date of "Silvia's" pilgrimage. So, too, when Dr. Dowden catalogues the *Sanctorale* of the Gregorian Sacramentary we should like to know what particular manuscript or recension he has in view, while his grasp of the literature of the Christmas festival and cycle seems to us a little uncertain. On the other hand, Dr. Maclean's volume, if it were only for the amount of first-hand labour and research which has been obviously spent upon it, seems to be worthy of the highest praise. We are glad to see that the author, in deference seemingly to the arguments urged at different times by Dr. Funk, has somewhat modified his view of the date of the *Canons of Hippolytus*. In fact, the whole question of the dates of the Church Orders is approached by the author in a singularly broad and candid spirit, and we may recommend his ninth chapter, in which he discusses the question *ex professo*, as an admirable specimen of the *multum in parvo* which is the characteristic distinction of this most useful little volume. Whether the subject be church buildings, worship in general, Ordination, Baptism, Confirmation, or the System of Festivals, Dr. Maclean gives us very clearly the facts, and tells us where we can go for a critical discussion of these facts, and this, it seems to us, must always be the primary merit of any introduction to studies of this kind.

4.—FAMOUS SEA-FIGHTS.¹

Mr. Hale has written something more than what the title of his book implies. He has given no mere record of isolated engagements, but rather a studied and succinct account of naval warfare from the earliest times down to the present day. He has described the progress of naval construction from the *Argo* to the *Dreadnought*, and traced the evolution of naval tactics in

¹ Famous Sea-Fights, from Salamis to Tsu-shima. By John Richard Hale. With thirteen Illustrations and seventeen Plans. London: Methuen and Co. Pp. x. 349. Price, 6s. net. 1911.

pages, wherein stirring incident and history are admirably blended.

The period of the oar and close-fighting, the period of sail and gun, the period of steam-propelled and armoured ships, are the divisions into which the narrative naturally falls.

The centuries from Salamis to Lepanto saw little change in sea-fighting. The oar-driven galleys were drawn up line abreast, and their brazen beaks either swept away the enemy's oars, or were driven deep into his timbers; subsequently, grappling and boarding the hostile craft came into favour. Erik Jarl at Svold Island, was perhaps the first to throw an overwhelming force on one point of the enemy's line, and destroy him in detail—the secret of tactical success; and the manœuvre was repeated at Sluys. In our judgment, the most striking battle-picture of the book is the story of Lepanto, which “arrested the Greatnesse of the Turke,” a story made present to our eyes by six plans and three illustrations.

With the Armada comes the first action fought under sail. Mr. Hale's account should do much to dispel the illusions of popular history, for he shows how the advantage was rather on the side of the English, whose swift, easily-handled vessels were better manned and more heavily armed than the lumbering Spanish galleons. “The glory of the English victory was great enough to need no exaggeration to enhance it.”

The formation-in-line of fleets under sail was gradually evolved during the seventeenth century, and fighting in line ahead became the usual battle order. But, until Rodney broke the line at the Battle of the Saints, English naval actions were generally indecisive, on account of the pedantic *Fighting Instructions*, first issued in 1665, which destroyed all enterprize and initiative in leadership. We are glad to note how the author lays stress on the magnificent way in which both Spaniard and Frenchman fought at Trafalgar, and the tale of the heroic Churucca's death is contrasted in the reader's mind with the less spiritual ending of a greater seaman.

With the advent of steam much of the romance of naval warfare has passed away; but Lissa and Tsushima point the moral of Salamis and the Armada, that advantage in other things is vain against efficiency and skilful leading. The man behind the gun still counts for more than the gun itself.

We heartily recommend *Famous Sea-Fights* as a prize or a present. The illustrations and plans are excellent, and mis-

prints are few. But Macaulay is twice misquoted, and here and there "no less" occurs where "no fewer" would be more correct. However, such errors are easily remedied in a second edition.

5.—JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.¹

Many pens have contributed to this interesting memoir. Her father tells briefly the outward facts of Mrs. Craigie's short but strenuous career. Bishop Welldon contributes an appreciation of her character, an unnamed friend has arranged and edited a selection of her letters, and Father Gavin, S.J., her spiritual director, speaks with all due delicacy and reticence of her religious spirit. We have besides letters addressed to her, as well as speeches and writings in her praise. Yet we do not find it easy to form a consistent picture of this young American lady, who in her short life of thirty-eight years filled so large a place in the London literary world and made such hosts of devoted friends. Apart altogether from the impressions given by others, personally acquainted with her, her own letters produce no clear definite outline of her real self. She became a convinced Catholic in her twenty-fifth year, yet there are expressions in her correspondence which can hardly be reconciled with the true Catholic spirit; she writes at times as if all her days were passed in sorrow, and at others shows that she is enjoying life to the full. It is not until we reflect that these letters represent but a small proportion of her correspondence and that they were obviously never intended for publication, that we perceive we are dealing with a woman of many moods, whose thought easily took colour from the passing moment, or the character of the friend she addressed. It would not be fair to found a judgment on these letters alone: they need a corrective in personal knowledge of the writer, so that one can say—"this is not Pearl Mary Teresa Craigie, but the latest book she has been reading, or the latest friend with whom she spoke." We have several sayings, for instance, which are plainly reflections of some "Modernist" dicta read or heard. The same argument expressed on pages 324 and 331 to the effect that her remaining in the

¹ The Life of John Oliver Hobbes, told in her correspondence with numerous friends, with a biographical sketch by her father, John Morgan Richards. London: John Murray. Pp. xviii, 381. Price, 12s. net. 1911.

Church depended on whether Newman was condemned or not by Rome (in 1906) was prevalent at that date amongst ill-instructed Catholics, one of whom expressed it later in a letter to the *Times*. And there are many similar instances of views expressed which could not have been thought out or harmonized with the unchanging certainties of Catholic belief. We are not surprised at this. The atmosphere in which the young convert lived, consorting and corresponding with clever people of every shade of misbelief and unbelief, makes us wonder rather that her religion came unscathed through it all. Like all capable thinkers, who join the Church when their minds are mature, she found it difficult to get an inside view of Catholicism. She does not understand, for example, the principle of asceticism. One finds her constantly speaking of the "R.C." aspect of things, as if it were something she did not share or could not grasp; moreover, in her ethical judgments, both in these letters and especially in her published books, she sometimes lacked that consistency and exactness which belongs to the inheritors of the Catholic tradition. But these things were the defects of education and circumstance: in practice, she was a devoted child of the Church, and her faith was fruitful in good works.

As regards her literary achievement, there is no doubt that it was very great. She addressed and interested the highest intellect of the day by sheer display of her own intellectual powers. She was an artist who worked hard and conscientiously for "the audience fit though few," and when she found her work unappreciated, damned with insufficient praise, by the unfit and the many, she did not always suffer them gladly. Her own literary judgments, expressed in many *obiter dicta* in these letters, represent often the woman of moods rather than the sober critic. The Catholic is pained to find the artistic obscenity of Mr. Thomas Hardy and the vulgar obscenity of Mr. George Moore palliated by such terms as "realistic," "unpleasant," "painful." It only proves, perhaps, that when friends have to be pleased and thanked for kind offices, a literary genius is as human as the rest of us.

More will doubtless be written about Mrs. Craigie, and further selections from her correspondence published as time goes on. We trust that one day some Catholic friend of hers will supply from intimate knowledge the key which will explain all the puzzles of her fascinating character.

6.—THE SUMMA OF ST. THOMAS.¹

It used to be supposed that St. Thomas Aquinas, in his *Summa Theologica*, engaged in a species of philosophical speculations which were as meaningless as they were subtle. Even erudite Englishmen would give you as a typical specimen of these inanities the question, How many angels could stand on the point of a needle? But those days are now past, and, conscious of the enormous influence this one book has exercised on the thought of Europe, not a few students have the desire to make acquaintance with its contents, and are only repelled by the peculiar style of Latin and the unfamiliar terminology which it employs. It is in the hopes of removing to some extent this initial difficulty that the English Dominican Fathers have projected an English translation of this great work. At present they announce only a translation of the first part of the *Summa Theologica*, which consists of 119 Questions, and 583 Articles, that is about a quarter of the whole *Summa*. This is to be in three numbers, of which the instalment, just published and now before us, comprises Questions i. to xxvi. It is not said whether it is intended later on to give a translation of the rest of the *Summa*, but presumably that depends on the reception accorded to this first portion. In any case Part I. of the *Summa* makes a complete whole in itself, in which the nature and attributes of God, the Mystery of the Trinity, the works of Creation, the Angels, the nature of Man, the union in him of body and soul, his mental faculties and their mode of action, Free-will and so on, are investigated.

The translators acknowledge themselves to have felt keenly the difficulty of translating St. Thomas into English, a difficulty caused not merely by the abstruseness of the subject-matter, but still more because in an English translation it is quite impossible to "do justice to the conciseness and elegance of the style, or to express adequately the clearness of the thought, the lightning rapidity of the glance, or to bring out the grasp of the subtlest points, so apparent in the original work itself, all uniting in a charm that can be felt." All this is most true. It is the merit of the Scholastics, and especially of St. Thomas, to have fashioned the Latin language, which in its Ciceronian days

¹ The "*Summa Theologica*" of St. Thomas Aquinas. Part I. (First Number, QQ. i.—xxvi.) Literally translated by Fathers of the English Dominican Province. London: R. and T. Washbourne. Pp. lxxxvi, 361. Price, 6s. net. 1911.

was peculiarly unsuited for philosophical speculation, into the finest, clearest, and most accurate instrument of philosophic thought that ever was—the Greek of Plato and Aristotle not excepted. On the other hand, English philosophical terminology, as a result of the superficiality and confusion of English philosophical thought during the last century and a half, offers to the translator few terms which can accurately represent the thought of St. Thomas; the translators' task is, in fact, like that of a father who has to provide his family with boots out of a job lot containing hardly one which makes a nice fit. All this has to be considered as intractable matter with which the present translators had to deal, but, when it is considered, it must be acknowledged that they have done their work singularly well. We are afraid the English reader will not find the introductory *excursus* entitled *Scholastic Philosophy* easy or perhaps even possible to follow; it would have been better if it had been brought down to the level of the modern enquirer. But the translation itself is very readable, and should be intelligible to willing students who will take the little pains over it which is required in all philosophical study. What will help and encourage readers of this sort is that there is in St. Thomas's thought what the translators call "normal intelligibility," in other words that, unlike much modern philosophy, it builds on our common-sense notions of the cosmos and its implications, and ends by confirming them instead of overturning them.

Cordially do we wish success to this endeavour of the Dominican Fathers to bring the great light of their Order, and of the Church, more within the reach of English students, Catholic and non-Catholic.

7.—DR. RYDER'S ESSAYS.¹

Those who knew the late Father Henry Ignatius Dudley Ryder, of the Birmingham Oratory, or had read his little Answer to Dr. Littledale's *Plain Reasons*, or the few short essays which he contributed to periodicals, could not but regret that one able to write with such insight and such distinction did not write more; and especially that he should not have used his talents in undertaking some literary work of a more

¹ Essays. By the Rev. Henry Ignatius Dudley Ryder. Edited by Francis Bacchus, of the Oratory, Birmingham. London: Longmans. Pp. xv, 322. Price, 9s. net. 1911.

comprehensive and enduring character. Readers of the volume of his *Essays* which has just appeared will share these regrets, but will likewise be grateful to his friend and *confrère*, Father Joseph Bacchus, for preserving from the oblivion into which treasures buried in past volumes of periodicals are apt to fall, the ten essays which, with two others hitherto unpublished, and an explanatory Appendix on Father Ryder's controversy with Dr. Ward, make up the contents of this welcome book.

The *menu* is not without variety. Four, those on the *Jesuit Reformer* (Father Spee), on *Savonarola*, on *M. Emery*, and on *Purcell's Life of Cardinal Manning*, are biographical, or rather are appreciations of character; four, those on *Auricular Confession*, on *The Pope and the Anglican Archbishops*, on *Ritualism*, *Roman Catholicism*, and *Converts*, and on *Certain Ecclesiastical Miracles*, are controversial in the best sense of the term controversy—for anything like onesidedness was altogether alien to Father Ryder's mind; one, that on *Revelations of the After-World*, which is a study of the Revelations of St. Brigit, we may call theological; four are on miscellaneous subjects, namely, those on *Irresponsible Opinion*, on *The Ethics of War*, on the *Passion of the Past*, and on *Some Memories of a Prison Chaplain*.

It would be pleasant to review some of these as separate subjects, but we must be content to say that there is not a dull or dry page in them all. All is instinct with the freshness of life, and all is marked by that delicacy and pungency of style which makes literature as distinguished from mere writing. Nor is it often that Father Ryder fails to make his points, for he is not one who talks round his subject: he draws his bow firmly, and usually scores a bull's-eye. A quotation or two will illustrate these qualities of his style. For instance, in the paper on *Auricular Confession* he is considering the charge against the Confessional that it separates man and wife.

It is true [he writes] the critics of penance may point to many a French brochure in which the confessional is denounced as an offence against family life and an instrument of disunion. But do they really know what this means? In an age which rebels, and often most justly rebels, on woman's behalf against the tyranny of man, who and what is this French *propriétaire* that he should dictate to his wife the attitude of Milton's Eve—extravagant even when Adam was as yet unfallen and still reflected his Creator's image:

My author and disposer, what thou bidst
Unargued I obey; so God ordains;
God is thy law, thou mine.

The confessional does but maintain the old Christian doctrine that the wife is no mere function of her husband, but an entity with a moral life of its own. If it is thus that the confessional divides families, so let it be till the last great tribunal that divides the world for praise and blame. Meanwhile, France with her dwindling nurseries is left to mourn a solitude which is not peace.

Again, in the *Pope and the Anglican Archbishops*, which is a criticism of the latter's reply to the Bull condemning Anglican Orders, he writes :

One of the most painful features in the Anglican position is their profession of absolute confidence in their Orders, and their claim to have them assumed as a preliminary to any negotiations for union (see Mr. Hall's brochure *passim*, and the conclusion of Messrs. Denny and Lacey's volume). Such extravagant confidence under circumstances of such grave suspicion is, to my mind, incompatible with any serious belief in the necessity of any special form and intention in the administration of Orders. If you thought your life depended on your pistol, you would hardly dismiss so lightly the suggestion that it might not be loaded. I can hardly persuade myself that some of those whose confidence is the loudest are not secretly comforting themselves with the opinion expressed by the Bishop of Nova Scotia, implying that, after all, episcopal orders do not so much matter.

These paragraphs are controversial. The next, which we take from the paper on Purcell's *Life of Manning*, must be estimated in the light of the fact which Father Bacchus discloses in his biographical Introduction. This paper, he tells us, "was never intended for publication, and even the reading of it to a small body of friends was a departure from the fixed habit of reticence which the writer always maintained in regard to the estrangement between Newman and Manning . . . he shrank from delivering judgment in public upon matters which were more delicate and personal to him than to any living man," that is, as the whole-hearted disciple of Newman and yet the nephew of Manning. Still, now that this judgment is at last published, what we shall feel is that in it his duty of loyalty to them both is entirely and admirably fulfilled. He is justly severe on the biographer of the Cardinal Archbishop, and says of his method :

His hero is a great man who can afford to have the whole truth spoken about him ; whose virtues are so considerable that a sturdy natural blemish here and there will but enhance their comeliness. This is all very well in an artist's hand, but in the hands of a literary

chiffonnier, who gathers up every trifle that comes in his way without much sense of their relative value, it is not well. The public has been invited to a Manning exhibition in which letters, diaries, journals, documents *sub sigillo*, autobiographical notes are on view, and amongst them all Mr. Purcell moves, the cicerone mainly of the defects. . . . His minute analysis often reminds one of those would-be accurate representations of leaping horses, in which they are exhibited in momentary attitudes whose reality instantaneous photography approves, but of which no human eye has as yet been conscious.

But the method which Mr. Purcell was so incapable of applying intelligently, Father Ryder employs with the skill of a true artist, or rather, let us say, with a tenderness of insight which can see all sides of the personality in their right proportions, and, whilst meting out reluctant censure where it seems to him due, can greet with affectionate sympathy the great qualities of one who was in some sense his adversary. This estimate of Manning is, in fact, much more of a panegyric than a censure, but we can quote only the beautiful words with which it ends.

I saw little of him, all too little for my own satisfaction. He was always kind to me for old times' sake, although he knew me of the opposite camp. My mother had taught me an affection for him that has outworn many a hostile phase.

I claim that he be clothed in a garment down to his feet of the cloth of gold of charity, and for the naked hands and feet and face, where they have contracted any stain from the dust of human frailty, let them be wiped reverently. He has done many noble deeds, and has been a tower of strength and a house of refuge for God's people, and he has met with hard measures at many hands, at mine, alas, it may be, but none harder than at the hands of the man who undertook to write his Life.

A feature in this volume which will attract and delight its readers, is the abundance of choice and illuminating comparisons which sparkle in its pages like dew-drops on the sunlit grass. The special quality of these gems is illustrated by the few specimens to be found in the above extracts. These must suffice, for we can give only one more quotation, one which we really cannot pass over, as in it Father Ryder describes, though unconsciously, a characteristic of his own, to which his book testifies. It is in the paper on *Irresponsible Opinion*:

Total abstinence has become a great power in this country, and the tiny shred of blue ribbon which pledges its wearer to allow nothing

to enter his lips of a character to prejudice his wits has become almost fashionable. Is there no badge, or is no badge necessary, to mark those who are prepared to hear both sides, and to suspend judgment until they have done so; to avoid at any sacrifice the epigrammatic exploitation of half-truths or quarter-truths when the whole truth is attainable; and, when judgment must be expressed upon more or less partial information, to acknowledge frankly the exact state of the case, and that on this occasion their word must be taken *valeat quantum*. . . . For ourselves we may well say, "*in multis offendimus omnes*;" but we have all known here and there a man to whom no appeal made in the name of truth was made in vain; and whose life has been devoted to laboriously gathering up every fragment of truth great and small, as the early Church gathered up the remains of its martyrs; but, unlike the Italian sacristan who kneads up his relics into the comely conventionality of a *Corpo Santo*, ever refuses to present fragments as other than fragments.

Father Bacchus' task in preparing this edition has of necessity been mainly that of a judicious selection, but his biographical Introduction and the Appendix, which though short do not lack a personal note, are helpful in taking us somewhat behind the scenes of a once famous controversy between Father Ryder and Dr. W. G. Ward.

Short Notices.

MRS. WILFRID WARD attacks—in *The Job Secretary* (Longmans, 4s. 6d.)—none of those deep religious or ethical problems which she is wont to deal with so skilfully, but describes instead with equal skill the disentanglement of a matrimonial misunderstanding. It is a delicate and sympathetic study conducted in an unusual fashion, for the novelist who in the absence of his amanuensis, employs a lady from an Agency, finds the fictitious tragedy of his plot actually in process around the person of his new secretary. How the working out of the story finally succeeded in uniting a loving but estranged couple, and, incidentally, roused the writer himself to a worthier appreciation of his own position as a husband, is told with much interesting psychological analysis and not a little humour. The book is well worthy of the author's reputation.

The same may be said of *Oliver's Kind Women* (Herbert and Daniel, 6s.), by Mr. Philip Gibbs, a writer to whom we owe many vivid pictures of literary and journalistic life in London. In the present volume we find much the same "atmosphere" and several of the same characters that formed the chief attraction of *The Street of Adventure*. The hero is not a hero in the ordinary sense: on the contrary, Oliver Lumley has rather a small soul, such goodness as is in it being smothered up in selfishness and conceit. Sprung from a struggling, lower-middle-class family, he leaves Suburbia and the drudgery of a clerkship to follow his literary ambitions whilst not scrupling still to levy a tax on his father's scanty purse. Amiable

and physically well-endowed, he easily makes friends, especially with women, and the book is occupied in describing how, gradually, his weak good-nature and laziness plunged him into debt, and how some of his friends aided him financially from time to time, till the little self-respect in him faded away and he married for money. What seemed the crown of his fortune proved shortly afterwards his material undoing, and, at a longer interval, his spiritual reconstruction, for his wife, a woman of high and pure ideals, casts him off on the discovery of his sins and deceit, and his subsequent misery brings with it a realization of his unworthiness. And now, having already begun to retrieve his character, he is taken back by his wife, and the book ends on that satisfactory note. He has seen what his absence of principle and weak selfishness led to, and he has caught something of the spiritual outlook of his (very much) better-half. Some readers of *The Street of Adventure* will regret to meet Katherine Halstead in this further volume as Lady Goldstein, wife of a rich German, and think she should have kept to her previous position, *i.e.* should either have stuck to Fleet Street or married Frank Luttrell. What was attractive in her as a working journalist is rather offensive in a lady with a husband, and she showed little discernment of character and less discretion in making friends with such a shallow self-deceiver as Oliver Lumley. The other *dramatis personæ* are clearly sketched in Mr. Gibbs' crisp style, and, after all, we have Virginia Garland to atone for the vanished Kitty Halstead.

Canon Sheehan, in electing to edit, so to put it, the minutes of his literary and artistic society—*The Intellectuals* (Longmans : 6s.)—has hit upon a clever way of expressing all sorts of opinions upon men and letters, without definitely committing himself to any of them. We cannot, therefore, exercise the critic's privilege and say—"thou ailest here and here," for we may not attribute to the dramatist without sufficient evidence the opinions of his puppets. And so we must be content to admire the versatility with which the author looks on all sides of his subjects, and through the mouth of Catholic and Protestant, aye, of Agnostic and Indifferentist, distributed amongst the nationalities of the United Kingdom, discourses on matters literary, ethical, philosophical, sociological, and even political. The whole thirty-seven sessions of his society are loosely connected by a slender love interest, and the prose papers are pleasingly diversified by poems which, although somewhat rough in form, are full of thought and vigour.

The substance of "Twelve Conferences to Men" entitled *Duty* (Wagner, 75 c.), by the Rev. William Graham, is sound and even excellent. The matter is well thought out, and the idea of "Duty" is first analyzed and dissected to its roots, and then considered in its application to the general conduct of life. While nothing could be clearer than the scope of the Conferences—"Meaning and Source of Duty," "Its Sanction," "Habits of Duty," and the rest—a rather frequent flatness of expression and redundancy of words dims and blurs the outlines of the thoughts, rendering many a statement weak and ineffective. But for this defect the Conferences would be pleasant reading; even as they are, they may be read with profit, especially by such as need not the stimulus of originality in thought or illustration, even in material so familiar.

Lovere is a pretty but little known town at the head of the Lago d'Iseo, and as so often happens in Italy, has Sisters of Charity, native of the soil. They were founded by the Ven. Bartolomea Capitanio, 1807—1833, and their Institute was finally developed and completed by the Ven. Vincenza Gerosa, 1784—1862. Padre Mazza has published, from the collections

made for their beatifications, the Lives and Correspondence of both in ample form. (*Vita, e Scritti della Ven. Capitano*, 3 vols., Modena, 14 lire; *Vita della Ven. Gerosa*, 2.50 lire.) As ascetical literature these records, so full of lessons for our day, will commend themselves to all who attend to the spiritual life. From a literary point of view, too, the simple unaffected picture of Italian life, which these pages propose, will not fail to please those who have felt the spell of that charming subject.

Father Camille de Rochemonteix, S.J. in *Nicolas Caussin et le Cardinal de Richelieu* (Picard: 7.50 fr.), devotes a large volume to some six years of the life of the confessor of Louis XIII., which include his appointment to that post, his disgrace, and the religious vocation of Mdle. de La Fayette, maid-of-honour to Louis' Queen. But this episode, which embraces the years from 1637 to 1643, throws such light upon the French monarchy of the time, and on the characters of Louis and Richelieu, that it was worth while dealing with it at length, especially as Père de Rochemonteix has been able to use much unedited literary matter, and to correct the false views of many French historians. As a result, he has very largely rehabilitated the character of Père Caussin (which Richelieu especially had misrepresented), without at the same time, concealing the fact that he had the defects of his virtues.

A series of discourses for the month of May, by Chanoine C. Quiévreux, called *L'Evangile du Pater et de l'Ave* (Lethielleux: 4.00 fr.), would have been noticed more appropriately last month. But their interest does not cease with the occasion, for, taking the separate phrases of these two prayers as texts and using them alternately, the preacher has managed to set forth the whole Gospel teaching, illustrated by the two ideal lives of Christ and His Holy Mother. The whole forms a well-constructed and thoughtful presentment of Christian doctrine.

Judging by the actual and prospective catalogue of the *Home University Library*, the man who should hope to educate himself by its means would have a rare variety of tutors. But we note with pleasure the apparent purpose of the publishers, to put occasionally at least, into Catholic hands, such subjects and episodes as involve a thorough understanding of the Catholic point of view. Dr. Barry is to write on "The Papal Monarchy," and Mr. Belloc has written, in the volume before us, on *The French Revolution* (Williams and Norgate: 1s. net.) It is not a history of the Revolution, but a philosophical study of its causes and progress, from the pen of one who, as a thinker, is "in political sympathy strongly attached to the political theory of the Revolution" and yet as a Catholic cannot sympathize with many of its results. Where and why the theory goes astray in practice is luminously set forth in the sixth section—*The Revolution and the Catholic Church*. Those who do not know Mr. Belloc's political and historical views will not find this volume easy reading at first: we can conceive the "Home University" scholar laying it down with a headache: but it is the work of a logical mind, and itself stimulates dialectical enterprise.

Père Janvier, O.P., the *Conférencier* of Notre Dame, has republished under the title of *L'Action Catholique* (Lethielleux: 4.00 fr.) occasional discourses which he has delivered at various Congresses, international, and diocesan, including even several "toasts" in honour of the Holy Father. The general gist of them is well expressed in the title and with its suggestion that Catholicism is a religion of activity, natural as well as spiritual, that our talents are not to lie idle and that the fields are white for the harvest.

Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, a prominent American physician but better

known to the general public as an active worker in the cause of Irish nationality, has written a large volume entitled **Incidents of my Life**, which has been sumptuously produced by Messrs Putnam's Sons (New York, 25s. net.) The book is a collection rather than a selection, being in fact a fairly minute autobiography, in which many "incidents" are included which are neither of general nor any particular interest. But the Doctor, who is now in his eighty-third year, writes in a friendly style which disarms criticism, and one can recognize, behind much that is trivial gossip and not a little that seems merely egotistic, the features of a talented and sterling character, gifted with indomitable perseverance and highly experienced in affairs. Dr. Emmet has travelled on this side and met a number of distinguished men, and his reminiscences throw many interesting side-lights on the Irish movement.

Professors of Moral Theology are constantly occupied in the solution of "cases," i.e., in the application of the more or less general principles they enunciate to particular instances. Although these solutions cannot claim infallibility and are liable to criticism, yet their publication is one very effective way of teaching Moral. Consequently, we welcome the appearance of the first volume of Father Thomas Slater's **Cases of Conscience for English-Speaking Countries** (Benziger, 7s. net.). By his long career as Professor at St. Beuno's and the issue some years ago of his large *Manual of Moral Theology*, Father Slater has acquired a wide reputation for soundness and sobriety of view, which is reflected in the decisions he here gives. The book is, of course, intended for confessors, students, and those, generally, who are familiar with the phraseology of moral treatises (e.g., the precise meaning of "probable," "morose," and such technical terms), who will also be able to supply the distinctions and qualifications which necessarily limited space obliges the author to omit. Of special interest are those solutions which concern difficulties arising from modern conditions in these lands, and certain refutations of doubtful views on moral principles lately promulgated by an Irish professor.

The account by the Rev. P. Coghlan, C.P., of the holy life of a modern Tuscan girl, **Gemma Galgani** (Washbourne, 1s. net.), who died in 1903 in her twenty-fifth year, is so full of spiritual wonders that one naturally desires a critical presentment of it. The present Life is full of edification, and is written in the old hagiographical style with separate chapters devoted to separate virtues. It is based on the Italian Life composed by her confessor, a venerable Passionist Father, and much of it is apparently due to her account of her own experiences. These included the highest forms of prayer, long conversations with our Lord and the Blessed Virgin, ecstasies, and even the sacred Stigmata, whilst in her case the phenomenon associated with St. Philip Neri, of curvature of the ribs over the heart, was repeated. Miracles are recorded as wrought by her intercession after her death, and we trust that a process will soon be begun which will authenticate all these remarkable occurrences.

All who teach children the Baltimore Catechism will find **Catholic Theology or the Catechism Explained** (Herder, 7s. net), by the Rev. D. I. Lanslots, O.S.B., a most useful companion. It follows the order of the Catechism, appending to each question and answer a full explanation of the doctrine contained. As the matter is the same, it should be of equal use to those who employ the English Catechism.

What promises to be an interesting series—*The Lives of the Friar Saints*—has made an auspicious start with the publication of **St. Thomas Aquinas**, by Father Placid Conway, O.P., and **St. Bonaventure**, by Father Laurence

Costelloe, O.F.M. (Longmans : 1s. 6d.). They are handsome little volumes, illustrated and furnished with bibliographies, and are under the general editorship of representatives of both Orders, and of C. M. Antony. We can heartily commend them both as gift-books and as spiritual reading, for they give in brief compass a clear and scholarly account of these wonderful Saints. The *Series*, if well supported, will run, as at present arranged, to twelve volumes.

The purpose which led to the writing of **John Merridew** (Longmans : 6s.), by Frederick Arthur, seems to be that which inspires the promoters of the *Agenda Club*, viz., a desire to turn the leisured classes of England to some form of social service, instead of the selfish pursuit of pleasure. Incidentally, the author wishes to promote union between the Anglican Church and the "great Mother of Churches" centred at Rome, and he writes throughout in the spirit of an advanced Anglican, full of sympathy and earnest in his faith. But, unhappily, he has so little grasped the character of the one Church, as to imagine that a Catholic wife could, without grievous violation of conscience, receive Communion with her Anglican husband in a church of that creed. His heroine in asserting the essential unity of Rome and Canterbury, is exercising her private judgment in direct contradiction to the teaching of the Church Universal. The romance is pleasantly written and deals intimately with Italian scenes as well as English.

The extreme readiness of the busy press-man to take an author at his own valuation, is shown by the welcome accorded by various newspapers to a shallow and pretentious Rationalist publication called *The Churches and Modern Thought*, by a writer who disguises his identity under the pseudonym "Philip Vivian," and the still less thoughtful general public have apparently been misled by the newspaper opinions, and bought the book in large quantities. Accordingly, a prominent member of the "North London Christian Evidence League," an organization which is doing good service in defence of revelation, has subjected some portions of this book to a severe critical examination, and the result shows not only the utter groundlessness of its main contention that "modern thought" at work upon "comparative religions" destroys the evidences of Christianity, but—and this is more important—it brands "Philip Vivian" as a dishonest plagiarist of forgotten authors, and a singularly impudent pretender to a non-existent scholarship. "Philip Vivian's" claim to accuracy and care is ruthlessly shattered in page after page of this excellent little book, and with it goes all his credit for sincerity with which he has hitherto managed to deceive even the elect. Mr. Howard Nash's **Pagan and Christian Parallels** (Hunter and Longhurst : 6s. net.), is accordingly a book to buy and disseminate.

Our French brethren still continue interested in the question of sacerdotal vocations. The latest book on the subject—**Notion traditionnelle de la Vocation Sacerdotale** (Lethielleux : 1.00 fr.), by Père P. Bouvier, expresses, we are glad to say, succinctly yet with sufficient evidence, the view already put forth several times in these pages, viz., that the dispute is to some extent one of terminology, and that there are different varieties of vocation, some obviously supernatural, others without *sensible* divine attraction, but all equally valid.

The immortal letter of R. L. Stevenson to the Rev. Dr. Hyde on the subject of Father Damien, the martyr of Molokai, has often been reprinted, but never in so taking a form as that in which it is issued by the Ave Maria Press (Indiana, 30 c.)—an edition which contains, moreover, an important statement by Mrs. Stevenson to the effect that her husband never saw reason.

to regret or retract that scathing exposure of Pharisaic hypocrisy and malice.

A very cleverly devised and exciting tale, with labour troubles and plenty of love and villainy has been written by Miss Frances Cook, with the title, **Her Journey's End** (Benziger, 4s.). It is a good specimen of American fiction, thoroughly Catholic in tone. Still more American in title and incident is **The Little Girl from Back East** (Benziger, 1s. 3d.), by Isabel J. Roberts, a brightly-told children's story.

Writ in Remembrance (Washbourne, 1s. 6d.), by Marian Nesbitt, is a pleasant story written on rather conventional lines of love and adventure in England and Germany.

Chanoine L. Berthé, of Evreux, in **La Sainte Trinité** (Bloud, 5.00 fr.) has not composed an original treatise on that sublime theme, but he has done something probably more useful, viz., collected together and classified under appropriate doctrinal headings, the teachings of the great theologians and doctors upon the different questions that arise in the study of the subject. The aim of the book, which it seems excellently fitted to fulfil, is to form a supplement to the ordinary theological manuals.

Two very useful philosophical treatises come to us from Herder—**Certitude**, by the Rev. A. Rother, S.J., and **Free Will**, by the Rev. H. Gruender, S.J., both Professors at the St. Louis University (Herder, 2s. net each). In our days when both the capacity of the mind to attain certain knowledge is so widely denied, and the freedom of the will both so unduly emphasized and so much disputed, the clearness and persuasiveness of this presentment of the one coherent philosophy, that of the schools, will do much good.

The relations of the Church and the Sacrament of Matrimony are much in the air at present. But the learned work of M. Joseph Faurey, **Le Droit Ecclésiastique Matrimonial des Calvinistes Français** (Paris: Larose et Tenin) has not been called into being by the *Ne Temere*. It is a careful study of the official view of the French reformers on marriage, and shows that, however lax their legislation was in regard to the indissolubility of the bond, they never doubted the competence of the ecclesiastical authorities to legislate. The author, by way of showing more clearly the unwarranted departures from Church tradition in Calvin and Luther, begins by stating clearly the Catholic doctrine.

What Milner's *End of Controversy* was to our forefathers, a famous French work recently re-edited by M. Albert Vogt—Bossuet's **Exposition de la Doctrine de l'Eglise Catholique** (Bloud, 3.00 fr.)—was to pre-Revolution France. Although the field of conflict has shifted a good deal, especially in France, we can conceive that this apologetic classic still appeals to thoughtful minds who retain any belief in revelation. M. Vogt has been at pains to collate several standard editions and the variations of text are given at the foot of each page.

The Catholic Truth Society has very appropriately republished a second and revised edition of Father H. Thurston's **The Coronation Ceremonial** (6d. net, cloth, 1s.) in view of the great occasion now impending. It consists of two Parts—*The Coronation Ceremonial: its true history and meaning*, and *The Form and Order of their Majesties' Coronation, June 22, 1911*. The interest of this publication needs no emphasizing. Amidst so many descriptions of this august rite, it is well that we have one from the pen of a Catholic scholar, whose competency cannot be disputed, as he has devoted many years to the study of this and kindred subjects. In the second part the difference between the Catholic and the present ceremonial is clearly indicated by the pre-Reformation portion being set up in clarendon type.

From the C.T.S. come also two volumes of that useful compilation **The Antidote** (price, 1s. each). The first is a reprint of that edited by Father Gerard in 1903, now improved by the addition of an Index: the second is a new collection, taken by Father Keating from the pages of this periodical. Both provide in handy form answers to many of the venerable falsehoods and misconceptions that form the stock-in-trade of the Protestant controversialist, and should accordingly be welcome to those whose task it is (and it is the task of all good Catholics) to instruct ignorance and combat error.

We are glad to see that the supplementary volume to the *History of Religions* Series is nearly finished: the last pamphlets received being Father Thurston's **Christian Science**, in which that strange modern cult is judged by its origin and its works and found grievously wanting, and Father de Grandmaison's **Theosophy**, which gives in calm, expository form a history of that wide-spread delusion and an account of its origin. Other penny pamphlets are—**The Church and Social Reformers**, a reprint of the Bishop of Northampton's stirring Advent pastoral. Its inclusion amongst the "Catholic Social Guild Pamphlets" may be taken as a valued pledge of episcopal approbation of the aims of that body, and also as a token of the spirit in which those aims should be pursued: **The Oath against Modernism**, by Father Sydney Smith, which explains clearly the bearing of the formula now subscribed by members of the teaching Church, and shows at once how necessary and how usual was this exercise of Papal authority: **What Men of Science say about God and Religion**, by A. E. Proctor, a valuable collection of testimonies of eminent savants to the existence of the supernatural—an excellent answer to rationalist fictions on this point: **Can I stay where I am?** by Father H. Pope, O.P., an appeal addressed to Catholic-minded Anglicans whose minds are disturbed—as they are so often—by untoward events in the "City of Confusion." **Dust to Dust**, by Rev. J. E. McKenna, a little treatise on Burial of the Dead, as practised in pre-Christian and Christian times: **The Second Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians**, in which Canon McIntyre continues his useful little commentary on the New Testament, and three little devotional pamphlets—**A Hundred Meditations** by L. M. F. G. (6d. net), **Watching before the Blessed Sacrament**, and **Thoughts on Our Blessed Lady**, selected by Mrs. Maxwell-Scott.

Space forbids extended notice of the following shorter publications:

L'Aumône militaire dans les armées de l'Europe, by Père Hubert Savoy, an address to an assembly of Swiss military chaplains; **Au Pays des Massacres** (Bloud, 1 fr.), by Jean d'Annezy, an account of the dreadful Armenian horrors of 1909, never realized by Europe and now nearly forgotten; **Socialism in the Schools**, by Bird S. Coler, a warning against the tendencies of secular education in the States. **Mary's First Holy Communion** (Corner and Whittle, 1d.), a useful souvenir of that greatest event of childhood; **Lays and Legends of Our Blessed Lady** (Washbourne, 6d.), a small collection of devotional hymns and tales; **The Commandments**, Part I. (Washbourne, 3d.), an instalment of the Notre Dame "Doctrine Explanations"; **The Little Child's First Communion Book** (St. Anselm's Society, 1d.), by Canon Cafferata, a "doctrine explanation" carefully adapted for very young minds; **An Awkward Predicament** (Washbourne, 1s.), by Madame Cecilia, an amusing play for girl-actors; **The Maid of Orleans** (Longmans, 6d. net.), giving the text only of Mgr. R. H. Benson's sacred drama. **The Rights of Animals** (Animals' Friend Society, 2d.), by Ernest Bell, pursues the excellent object of putting down cruelty, on the wrong principle that the rights of animals and men are alike *in kind*.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice).

- ALLEN AND CO., London.
The Superstition called Socialism. By G. W. de Tunzelmann. Pp. xxvi, 396.
Price, 5s. net. 1911.
- ANGELUS COMPANY, Norwood.
Perfect Love of God. Translated from the French by A. M. Buchanan, M.A. Pp. 36.
Price, 2d. 1911. *Apostles All.* By a Missionary Apostolic. Pp. 32.
Price, 2d. 1911.
- BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York.
Cases of Conscience for English-Speaking Countries. By T. Slater, S.J. Vol. I.
Pp. 351. Price, 7s. net. 1911. *The Juniors of St. Bede's.* By Rev. T. H.
Bryson. Pp. 259. 1911.
- BERRUTI, Turin.
Compendium Theologiæ Dogmaticæ auctore Caesare Manzoni. Vols. I., II. Second
Edition. Pp. xx, 419; xii, 429. Price, 4.50 lire each. 1909, 1910.
- CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London.
The Coronation Ceremonial. By H. Thurston, S.J. Second Edition. Pp. vi, 131.
Price, 6d. net. 1911. *The Antidote.* Vol. I. Edited by J. Gerard, S.J.
Second Edition. Pp. 141. Price, 1s. net. 1911. *The Antidote.* Vol. II.
Edited by J. Keating, S.J. Price, 1s. 1911. *Various Penny Pamphlets.*
- DENT AND SONS, London.
Adam Michiewicz, the National Poet of Poland. By Monica M. Gardner. Pp. xv,
318. Price, 10s. 6d. net. 1911.
- FROM THE AUTHOR.
Religion et Littérature. By the Abbé Paul Halflants. Pp. 286. Price, 3.50. 1911.
- HERDER, London.
Praxis celebrandi Missam, etc. By M. Gatterer, S.J. Pp. viii, 340. Price, 3s. 3d.
1910. *Catholic Theology, or the Catechism Explained.* By Dom D. T. Lanslots,
O.S.B. Pp. viii, 622. Price, 7s. net. 1911. *The History of Dogmas.* By
Abbé J. Tixeront. Translated from fifth French Edition by H. L. B. Vol. I.
The Ante-Nicene Theology. Pp. x, 438. Price, 6s. net. 1910. *Certitude:*
a Study in Philosophy. By Rev. A. Rother, S.J. Pp. 94. Price, 2s. net. 1911.
Free Will. By Rev. H. Gruender, S.J. Pp. 96. Price, 2s. net. 1911.
- HUNTER AND LONGHURST, London.
Pagan and Christian Parallels. By W. H. Howard Nash. Pp. 76. Price, 6d. net.
- LETHIELLEUX, Paris.
Notion Traditionnelle de la Vocation Sacerdotale. By l'Abbé Pierre Bouvier. Pp.
76. Price, 1.00 fr. 1911. *Les Miracles de N.S. Jésus-Christ.* By l'Abbé L. C.
Fillion. 2 Vols. I. Pp. xi, 191; II. pp. 416. Price, 6.60 fr. 1911.
- LETOUZEY ET ANE, Paris.
Où en est l'Histoire des Religions ? By J. Bricout, etc. Tome 1. *Les Religions non*
Chrétiennes. Pp. 458. Price, 6.00 fr. 1911.
- LONGMANS AND CO., London.
Saint Bonaventure. By Rev. Father Laurence Costelloe, O.F.M. Pp. ix, 122.
Price, 1s. 6d. 1911. *Saint Thomas Aquinas.* By Rev. Father Placid Conway, O.P.
Pp. x, 119. Price, 1s. 6d. 1911. *Beginnings or Glimpses of Vanished Civilization.*
By Marion Mulhall. Pp. viii, 119. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1911. *The Job*
Secretary. By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. Pp. 275. Price, 4s. 6d. 1911.
- MCVEY, Philadelphia.
Messages of Truth. By Rev. T. Reilly, O.P. Pp. 127. Price, 25c. 1911.
- METHUEN, London.
Famous Sea-Fights from Salamis to Tsushima. By J. R. Hale. Pp. x, 349.
Price, 6s. net. 1911. *Faith and Experience.* By Bishop Arthur Chandler.
Pp. xv, 184. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1911. *The Castles and Walled Towns of*
England. By Alfred Harvey. Pp. xix, 276. Price, 7s. 6d. net. 1911.
- ST. ANSELM'S SOCIETY, London.
The Little Child's First Communion Book. By Canon H. Cafferata. Pp. viii, 22.
Price, 2d. 1911.
- SANDS AND CO., London.
The Mystery of the Priest's Parlour. By Genéviève Irons. Pp. viii, 341. Price, 6s.
1911. *The Vision of Master Reginald.* By H. M. Capes. Pp. viii, 178.
Price, 2s. 6d. 1911.
- WASHBOURNE, London.
Gemma Galgani. By Rev. P. Coghlan, C.P. Pp. 122. Price, 1s. net. 1911. *The*
Summa Theologica of St. Thomas Aquinas. Literally translated by Fathers of
the English Dominican Province. Part I. Pp. lxxxix, 361. Price, 6s. net.
Roman Documents and Decrees. No. 19. *Gold, Frankincense, and Myrrh.*
By A. Borini. Pp. 83. Price, 1s. 1911. *The Way that leads to God.* By the
Abbé A. Saudreau. Translated by Mrs. F. Yorke Smith. Pp. xvi, 344. Price, 5s.
Children of the Gael. By Charlotte Dease. Pp. 196. Price, 2s. 6d. 1911. *The*
Little House under the Hill. Pp. 217. Price, 2s. 6d. 1911.

SOME FOREIGN REVIEWS.

Summary of Contents.

I.

Revue d'Histoire Ecclésiastique (1911.) II.

- J. Flamion.*—The Apocryphal Acts of St. Peter.
L. Bril.—The Early History of Christianity in Sweden.
G. Constant.—Anglicanism under Edward VI.

II.

Analecta Bollandiana. (1911.) II.—III.

- The late Father C. de Smedt.
A. Poncelet.—The Hagiographic Manuscripts of Naples.
C. Van der Vorst.—Saint Phocas.
P. Peeters.—An "Invention" of SS. Valerius, &c., in the Peloponnesus.
H. Delchaye.—The Aqueduct of St. Socrates to Zenonopolis.
F. Van Ortruy.—The "Sermones Dominicales" of St. Anthony of Padua.

III.

Bessarione. (1911.) I.

- N. Festa.*—St. Luke the Stylites.
C. Giambelli.—The Apocryphal Acts of the Apostles attributed to Abdias.
A. Palmieri.—The disciplinary, dogmatic, and liturgical divergences between East and West.
M. Marchiano.—The Christians of Albania.
A. F. Ferretti.—St. Agnes and her Cult.

IV.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique. May 1 and 15, 1911.

- A. Valensin.*—Mythical Christs and the Christ of History.
J. D. Folghera.—"Non-Catholic Denominations" in England (a notice of Father R. H. Benson's recent volume).

H. Lesître.—Preaching and the Preacher.

L. Labauche.—Letters on the Holy Eucharist.

L. Garzend.—The alleged project of torturing Galileo.

V.

Zeitschrift für Katholische Theologie. (1911.) II.

- S. v. Dunin-Borkowski.*—The Early Christians and their Religious Environment.
C. Kneller.—The term "Roman Catholic" in St. Cyprian.
J. Biederlack.—Further Considerations on the Morality of Strikes.
H. Bruders.—The Petrine Claims and the African Church.

VI.

Etudes. May 5 and 20, 1911.

- A. Durand.*—The Text of the New Testament.
M. Jullien.—Memories of a Student at the Sorbonne and Collège de France.
S. Harent.—Fénelon.
J. F. Pradel.—Chili.
A. Brou.—Educational Reforms in China.

VII.

La Civiltà Cattolica. May 6 and 20, 1911.

- Hugh de Vries and the Origin of Species.
 The Revolutionary Internationalism of Freemasonry.
 A Projected Reunion of the Russian Church with Rome.
 A Christian Hero in Japan.
 Count Leo Tolstoi.
 On the History of the Inquisition in Italy.
 The History of the Humiliati.
 The Theology of the Russian Church.

7

s
a
f
s

w
nt
ge

in

6

of
sm
an

on

ian



American • Ecclesiastical • Review

(A Monthly Periodical for the Clergy)

Chronology
Pastorals
Liturgy.

Cum Approbatione Superiorum

Latest Roman Decrees
Reliable Criticisms of
Books

"The AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW . . . in every respect deserves the highest praise. . . ."—*Univ. Catholica*, Rome, Italy.

"ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW contains excellent articles, cases of conscience, liturgical questions, etc. The Review will be found suitable to Ireland and England as well as to America."—*The Month*, London, England.

"This splendid Review devoted to ecclesiastical studies."—*Revista Internazionale*, Rome, Italy.



"The AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW, the most varied, perhaps, and most entertaining, and, at the same time, most solidly learned of the periodicals that appeal to priestly readers."—Father Matthew Russell, S.J., in the *Irish Monthly* (Dublin).

"The AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW is one of the most useful periodicals that a priest can purchase; indeed, considering the information given in its pages, it should be found in all priests' libraries."—*Catholic Times*, Liverpool, England.

Two volumes (12 numbers), 15 shillings a year

American Ecclesiastical Review
1305 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. U.S.A.

NEW EDITION.

MANUAL OF PRAYERS FOR YOUTH

EDITED BY

THE REV. JOHN MORRIS, S.J. (1893),

REVISED AND ENLARGED BY

THE REV. JOSEPH RICKABY, S.J. (1910).

With the Approbation of His Grace the Archbishop of Westminster and His Lordship the Bishop of Southwark.

Thirty-fifth Thousand.

LONDON:

THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY,
69 SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD, S.E.

Cloth, 276 pp., price 1s. net, post free.

STONYHURST PHILOSOPHICAL SERIES

NEW EDITION—THE SEVENTH

*TWENTY-FIRST TO
TWENTY-FOURTH THOUSAND*

PSYCHOLOGY:

Empirical and Rational

BY

FATHER MICHAEL MAHER, S.J.,
D.LIT., M.A. LOND.

Crown 8vo. Pp. 648. Price 6s. 6d.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 39, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

E.C.